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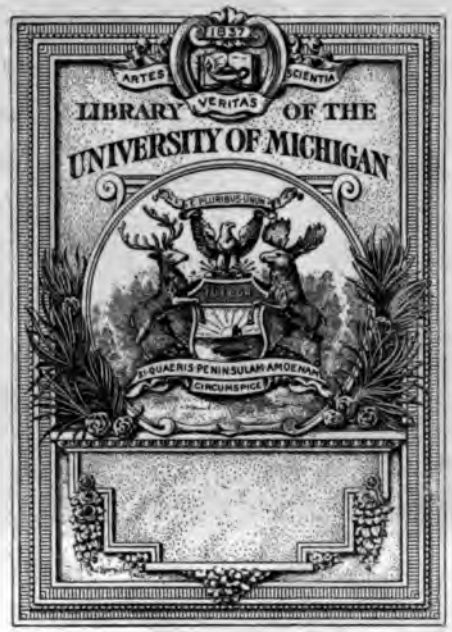
# WALKS ABOUT WASHINGTON

FRANCIS E. LEUPP
AND
LESTER G. HORNBY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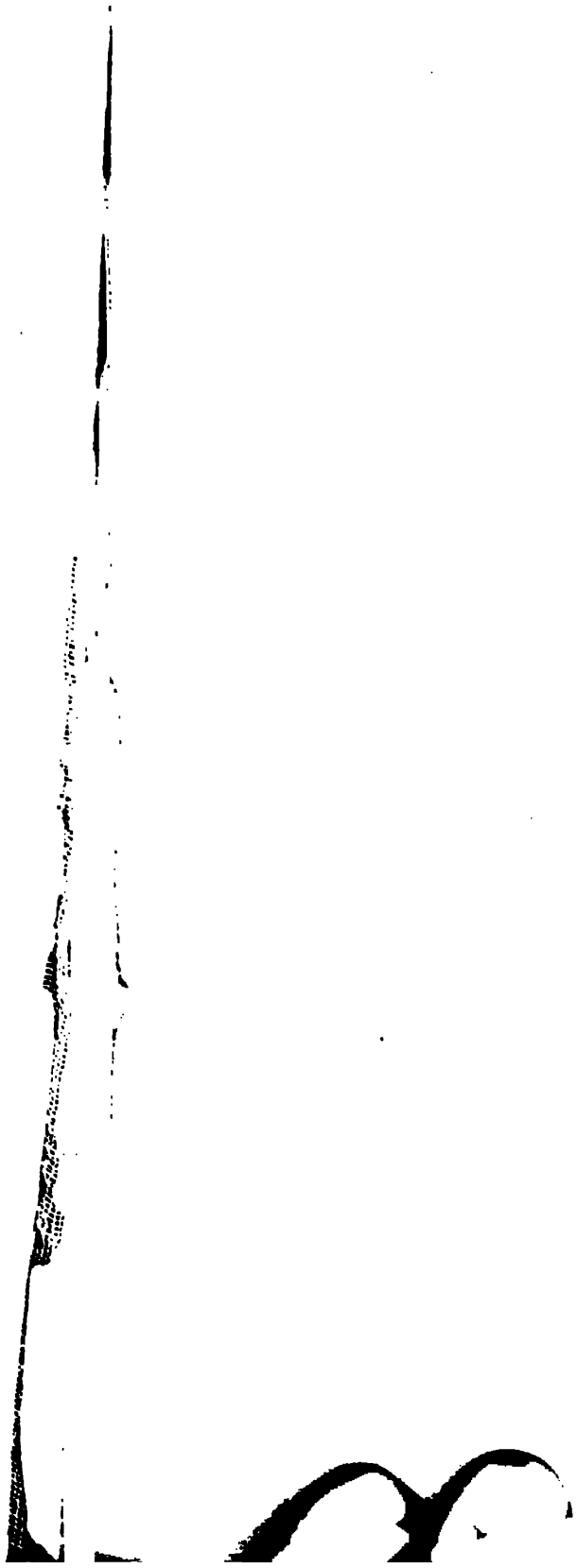

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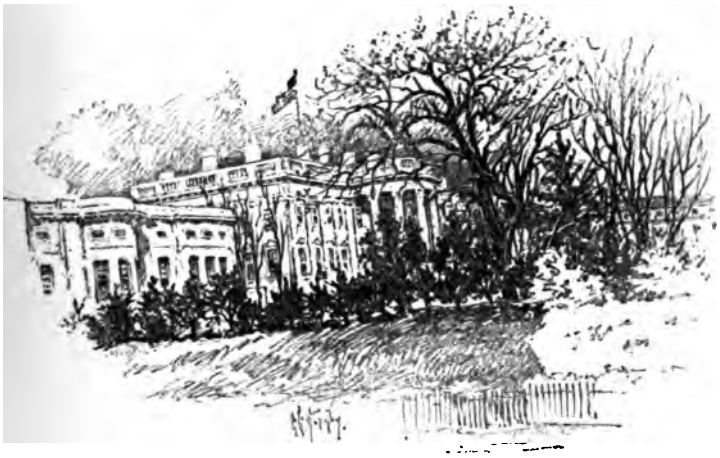

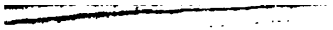

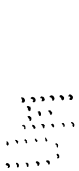

*Where Lincoln Died*

FRONTISPIECE

*Where Lincoln Died*

FRONTISPIECE

# WALKS ABOUT WASHINGTON

BY

FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WITH DRAWINGS BY

LESTER G. HORNBY

BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1915

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To

ADA, HAROLD, ETHEL

CONSTANCE, KATHLEEN

AND THE

MEMORY OF GRAHAM

# *Preface*

THIS is not a history. It is not a guide-book. It is not an encyclopedia. It is nothing more ambitious than the title would indicate : a stroll about Washington with my arm through my reader's, and a bit of friendly chat by the way. Mr. Hornby, sketch-book in hand, will accompany us, to give permanence to our impressions here and there.

First, we will take a general look at the city and recall some of the more interesting incidents connected with its century and a quarter of growth. Next, we will walk at our leisure through its public places and



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try to people them in imagination with the figures which once were so much in evidence there.

For the stories woven into our talk I make no further claim than that they have come to me from a variety of sources — personal observation, dinner-table gossip, old letters and diaries, and local tradition. A few, which seemed rather too vague in detail, I have tried to verify. My ardor for research, however, was dampened by the discovery of from two to a dozen versions of every occurrence, so that I have been driven to accepting those which appeared most probable or most picturesque, falling back upon the plea of the Last Minstrel :

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be;
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

And now, let us be off !

F. E. L.

WASHINGTON, D.C.,
August 1, 1915.

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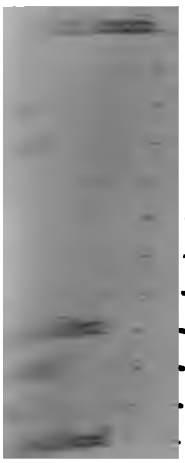


# *Walks About Washington*

## CHAPTER I

### A CAPITAL MADE TO ORDER

WITH the possible exception of Petrograd, Washington is the only one of the world's great capitals that was deliberately created for its purpose. Look for the origin of London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome, and you find it enveloped in a cloud of myth and fable, from which, it appears, the city emerged and took its place in history because certain evolutionary forces had made it the nucleus of a nation and hence the natural seat of government. Not so the capital of the United States. Here the Government was already established and seeking a habitation; and, since no existing city offered one that seemed generally satisfactory, a new city was made to order, so that from the outset it could be shaped as its tenant-master deemed best.

The creative force at work in this instance found its outlet through a dinner. Of the ready-made cities which had competed for the honor of housing the

Government, New York and Philadelphia were regarded by the Southern members of Congress as too far north both geographically and in sentiment, while the Northern members were equally unwilling to go far south in view of the difficulties of travel. Another sectional controversy broke out over the question whether the Federal Government, since it owed its birth to the War for Independence, were not in honor bound to assume the debts incurred by the several States in prosecuting that war. The North, as the more serious sufferer, demanded that it should, but the South insisted that every State should bear its own burden. In the midst of the discussion, Thomas Jefferson, who happened to be in a position to act as mediator, invited a few leaders of both factions to meet at his table; there, under the influence of savory viands and a bottle of port apiece, they arranged a compromise, whereby the Southern members were to vote for the assumption of the debts, in exchange for Northern votes for a southern site. The program went through Congress by a small majority, and the site chosen was a tract about ten miles square on both banks of the Potomac River, the land on the upper shore being ceded by Maryland and that on the lower by Virginia. The Virginia part was given back in 1846.

As far as we know, the first map of this region was

drawn by Captain John Smith of Pocahontas fame and published in 1620 in his "Sixth Voyage to that Part of Virginia now Planted by English Colonies, whom God increase and preserve"; and the picturesque river which runs through it was described by him as the "Patawomeke, navigable 140 myles, and fed with many sweet rivers and springs which fall from the bordering hils. The river exceedth with aboundance of fish."

When the Commissioners appointed by President Washington took it over as a federal district, they changed its Indian name, Connogochegue, to the Territory of Columbia; and the city which they laid out in it was by universal acclaim called Washington, regardless of the modest protests of the statesman thus honored. Georgetown, which is now a part of Washington, was then a pretty, well-to-do, little Maryland town about a hundred years old, and Alexandria, Virginia, included in the southern end of the District as then bounded, was a shipping port of some consequence. All the rest of the tract was forest and farm land. The President felt a lively personal interest in the whole neighborhood. His estate, Mount Vernon, lay only a short boat-ride down the Potomac; and he had been instrumental in starting a project for the canal now known as the Chesapeake and Ohio,

connecting Georgetown with a bit of farming country west of it, and had planned one from Alexandria which should form part of the same system. During his activities on the Maryland side of the river, he made his headquarters in a little stone house in Georgetown which is still standing.

It took time and diplomacy to induce some of the local landholders to part with their acres to the Commissioners. There is an old story, good enough to be true, of one David Burns, a canny Scot, who held out so long that President Washington personally undertook his conversion. After pointing out to the farmer what advantages he would reap from having the Government for a neighbor, the great man concluded:

"But for this opportunity, Mr. Burns, you might have died a poor tobacco-planter."

"Aye, mon," snapped Burns, "an' had ye no married the widder Custis, wi' all her nagurs, ye'd ha' been a land surveyor the noo, an' a mighty poor ane at that!"

However, when he learned that, unless he accepted the liberal terms offered him, his land would be condemned and seized at an appraisal probably much lower, Burns met the President in quite another mood, and to the final question, "Well, sir, what have you concluded to do?" astonished every one by his prompt

response: "Whate'er your excellency wad ha' me." On one of his fields now stands the White House, and an adjacent lot became Lafayette Square. By the sale of property adjoining that which the Government bought, he amassed what for those days was an enormous fortune. It is within our generation that his cottage was torn down for the improvement of the neighborhood from which we enter Potomac Park. Although a poor building in its old age, in its prime it had sheltered many eminent men. Among them was Tom Moore, the Irish poet, who was under its roof when he wrote his diatribe against —

> "This fam'd metropolis where Fancy sees
> Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
> Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
> With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn."

Little as we may relish such satire, we are bound to admit its modicum of truthfulness, for the brave souls who founded Washington were given to the grandiloquent habit of their day. They had called to their aid Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French military engineer who had served in the patriot army of the Revolution, and who cherished brilliant dreams of the future of his adopted country. To him they had committed the preparation of a plan for the federal city, and he had laid it out on the lines, not of an

administrative center for a handful of newly enfranchised colonies, but of a capital for a republic of fifty States with five hundred million population. As he had lived in Versailles, he is supposed to have taken that town as a general model in his arrangement of streets and avenues, which some one has likened to "a wheel laid on a gridiron."

Of course, it was the business of the Commissioners to advertise the attractions of the federal city as effectively as possible, to promote its early settlement; so perhaps we may forgive their taking a good deal for granted, and permitting real estate speculation to go practically unchecked. Congress for several years ignored their appeals for an appropriation for the development of the city, and in the interval their chief dependence for the funds necessary to spend for highways and buildings was on the sale of lots, and on grants or loans obtained from neighboring States. The most sightly hill was set apart for the Capitol, and a beautiful bit of rising ground, overlooking a bend in the river, for the President's House. The two buildings had their corner-stones laid with much ceremony, but progress on them was slow. Nevertheless, their sites, as well as the spaces reserved in L'Enfant's plan for parks, fountains, and statuary, were always treated by the speculators, in correspondence with prospective

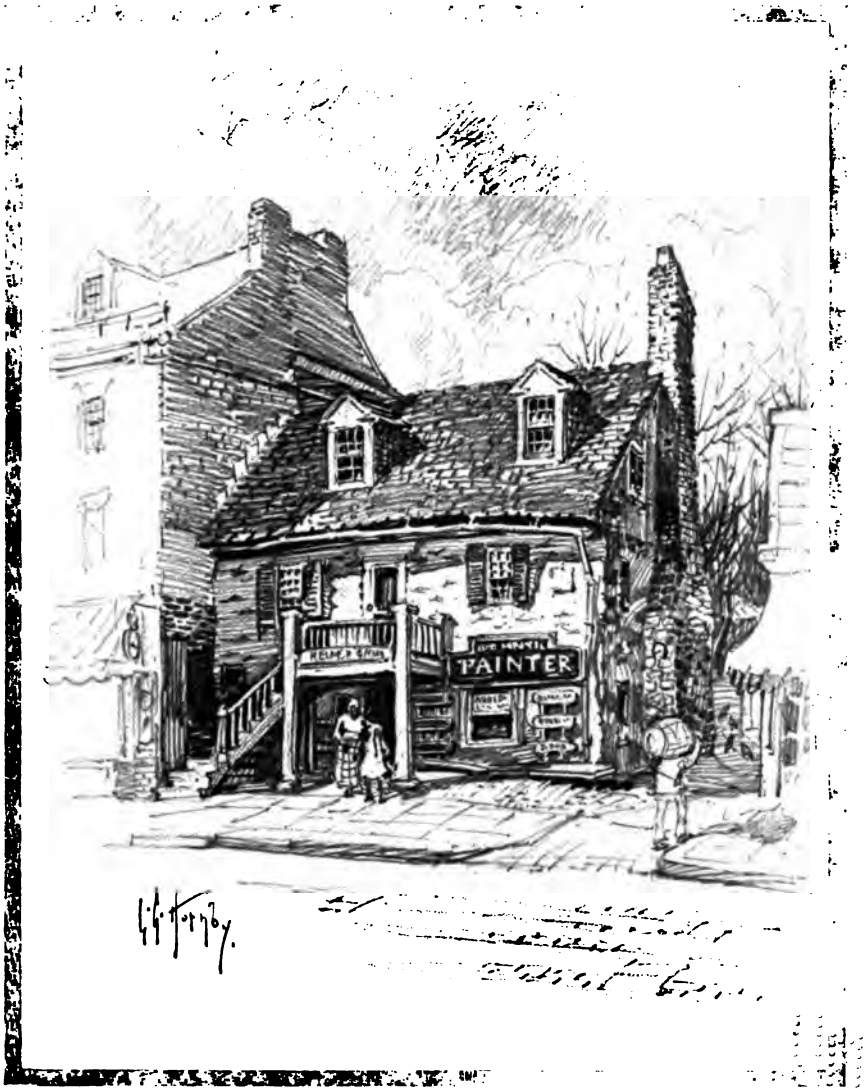
customers, as if the improvements designed eventually to crown them were already installed. The outside public manifested no undue eagerness to buy, and the auction sales of lots proved very disappointing. Then a lottery was organized, with tickets at seven dollars apiece, and for a first prize "a superb hotel" with baths and other comforts, worth fifty thousand dollars; but that, too, fell short of expectations, all the desirable prizes going to persons who felt no concern for the city's future, and the hotel, though started, never being finished. It was a pretty discouraging prospect, therefore, which confronted the officers of the Government when, on May 16, 1800, President John Adams issued his order for their removal from their cozy quarters in old Philadelphia to what seemed to them, by contrast, like a camp in the wilderness.

The six Cabinet members, with their one hundred and thirty-two subordinates, made the journey overland at various dates during the summer, and in October the archives followed. These filled about a dozen large boxes, which, with the office furniture, were brought down by sea in a packet-boat and landed on a wharf at the mouth of Tiber Creek, a tributary of the Potomac which then ran through the city but was later converted into a sewer. All Washington, numbering perhaps three thousand persons, turned out

to greet the vessel; and amid cheers, ringing of bells, and blasts from an antique cannon brought forth for the occasion, its precious contents were carried ashore. "The Department buildings" to which they were consigned were a wonderful assortment. The Treasury was a two-story brick house at the southeast corner of the President's grounds, the War Office a still unfinished replica of it at the southwest corner. The Post-office Department found shelter in a private house in which only half the floors were laid and four rooms plastered; while the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney-general had to direct their affairs from their lodgings. All these temporary accommodations were sought as near as possible to the President's House. Congress had striven, for its greater ease of access, to have the Departments quartered near the Capitol; but Washington had set his face resolutely against every such proposal, citing the experience of his own secretaries, who had been so pestered with needless visits from Senators and Representatives that some of them "had been obliged to go home and deny themselves, in order to transact current business." Which shows that one modern nuisance has a fairly ancient precedent.

Members of both houses of Congress came straggling in all through the first three weeks of November, to

*General Washington's Office in Georgetown*


PAINTER

find most of the best rooms in the two or three hotels and the little cluster of boarding-houses already occupied by the executive functionaries and their families. President Adams, who had preceded them by a few weeks, was not much better off even in the official abode reserved for him, if we may call his wife as a witness.

"The house is on a grand and superb scale," she wrote to her daughter, "requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to the parlor and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. Bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded by forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! There is not a single apartment finished. We have not the least fence or yard, or other convenience without; and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. The ladies are impatient

for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house, not a twentieth part lamps enough to light it."

Mrs. Adams's consolatory reflection that she would have to endure these conditions only three months, was probably shared by many of the thirty-two Senators and one hundred and five Representatives who, on the high hill to the east, shivered and shook and passed unflattering criticisms on everybody who had had a hand in the construction of the Capitol. Only the old north wing was in condition for use, and not all of that. The Senate met in what is now the Supreme Court chamber; the House took its chances wherever there was room, ending its travels in an uncomfortable box of a hall commonly styled "the oven." Most of the members had made some study of the L'Enfant chart before coming to Washington. One of them put into writing his impressions as he looked about and tried to identify the public improvements he had been led to expect. None of the streets was recognizable, he said, with the possible exception of a road having two buildings on each side of it, which was called New Jersey Avenue. The "magnificent Pennsylvania Avenue," connecting the Capitol with the President's House, was for nearly the entire distance a deep morass covered with wild bushes,

through which a passage had been hewn. The roads in every direction were muddy and unimproved. The only attempt at a sidewalk had been made with chips of stone left from building the Capitol, and this was little used because the sharp edges cut the walker's shoes in dry weather, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar. Another member declared that there was nothing in sight in Washington but scrub oak, and that, since there was "only one good tavern within a day's march," many members had to live in Georgetown and drive to and from the daily sessions of Congress in a rickety coach. And a particularly disgusted critic, not content with recording that "there are but few houses in any place, and most of them are small, miserable huts," added: "The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, live like fishes, by eating each other."

Newspapers in all parts of the country echoed these depressing reports, accompanying them with demands that the Government move again, this time to some already well-populated and civilized region. Indeed, of several resolutions to that end introduced in Congress, one was actually carried to a vote and barely escaped passage. It may have been this accumulation of discouraging elements which caused the delay in the arrival of the Supreme Court from Philadelphia; or

it may have been the paucity of business before that tribunal, whose first Chief Justice, John Jay, had resigned his commission to become Governor of New York, because he had come to the conclusion that the Court could not command sufficient support in the country at large to enforce its decisions! Whatever the reason, the Justices did not find their way to Washington till well on in the winter, or open their work there till February. They were assigned the room in the basement of the Capitol now occupied by the Supreme Court library.

Even when the first acute discomforts incident to removal had passed away, the general depression was little relieved. Most of the earlier citizens of Washington had entertained hopes of its becoming a commercial as well as a political center of importance. They reasoned that since Alexandria and Georgetown had already built up some trade with the outside world, Washington, much more eligibly situated than either, ought to attract a correspondingly larger measure of profitable business. But all these bright anticipations were doomed to disappointment: the progress of the city was as inconsiderable as if its feet had become mired in one of its own marshes. The Mall, which on L'Enfant's map appeared as a boulevard fringed with fine public buildings, soon degenerated

into a common for pasturing cows. There was good fishing above the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue from Sixth Street to Thirteenth. Wild ducks found a favorite haunt where the Center Market now stands. The whole place wore an air of suspended vitality in striking contrast with the generous face of nature. "I am," wrote a visiting New Yorker to his wife, "almost enchanted with it — I mean the situation for a city, for there is nothing here yet constituting one. As to houses, there are very few, and those very scattering; and as to streets, there are none, except you would call common roads streets. The site, however, for a city, is the most delightful that can be imagined — far beyond my expectation.

"I took a hack after dinner to visit Nath'l Maxwell, and although he lives near the center of the great city, yet such was the state of the roads that I considered my life in danger. The distance on straight lines does not exceed half a mile, but I had to ride up and down very steep hills, with frightful gullies on almost every side." And the simplicity of life at the capital then is reflected in his statement that after finishing his letters one night he was afraid to go out to post them lest he lose his way in the dark, though he knew that the mail would close at five in the morning. "After I had got comfortably into bed," he continued, "a watchman

came past my window bawling out, 'Past one o'clock, and a very stormy night,' on which I sprang out of bed and called to him to take my letters to the post-office, which he consented to do. I accordingly wrapped them in a sheet of paper to protect them from the wet, and threw them out of the chamber window to him."

The declaration of war against Great Britain in June, 1812, for which the country at large held President Madison chiefly responsible, and which reduced considerably such measure of popularity as he still retained, did not produce much effect on the pulses of the stagnant city. The first hostilities occurred in the north and on the sea; and, although the enemy threatened Washington for more than a year, Madison and most of his advisers regarded an attack as highly improbable. When, however, it became known in 1814 that a large body of Wellington's veterans were setting sail from England, under convoy of a powerful fleet, for the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, every one suddenly awoke to the impending peril. It was then too late. Thanks to the misjudgment of General Armstrong, Secretary of War, or General Winder, who was in charge of military affairs in the District, midsummer found the enemy in Maryland, but the city still without an efficient defensive force, or ammunition or pro-

visions to equip one properly. Hurried efforts brought together a first line of thirty-one hundred men, all raw recruits except six hundred sailors and a couple of hundred soldiers. A second line, almost equal in number, was formed, mostly of militia, and disposed for use as a home guard. At Bladensburg, Maryland, five miles north of Washington, the decisive battle occurred on the twenty-fourth of August, from which the seamen led by Captain Joshua Barney were the only contingent that emerged with extraordinary credit; but they did so well that a grateful community has not yet raised a monument to them or their leader. The battlefield was close enough to the old George Washington tavern, of which Mr. Hornby gives us an intimate glimpse, for the occupants to hear the rattle of musketry and see the cannon-smoke from the upper windows.

The outcome of the fight was that the British commanders, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, with six thousand men, drove the Americans back and swept down upon the city, spreading ruin in their track. Ross had his horse killed under him by a shot from a private house he was passing and kept more in the background thereafter, but Cockburn was active in the work of devastation. Tradition describes him as mounting the Speaker's dais in the Hall of Represen-

tatives, calling a burlesque session of Congress to order, and putting the question: "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All in favor will say, 'Aye'!" There was a roar of "Ayes" from the men, who at once set going a mammoth bonfire of written records and volumes from the library of Congress, and soon the whole Capitol was wrapped in flames. Thence the party proceeded to the other public buildings, burning whatever was recognizable as the property of the Government. Their progress was nearly everywhere unopposed, the clerks in charge having gathered up such books and papers as they could carry away, and transported them to the most convenient hiding-places.

The first break in this program occurred at the Patent Office, which was under the superintendency of Doctor William Thornton, himself of English birth. A neighbor having warned him at his home that his office was in danger, he mounted his horse and galloped to the spot, where he arrived just in time to see a squad of soldiers training a field-piece upon the building. Leaping from the saddle and dramatically covering the muzzle of the gun with his body, he reminded the artillerists that the inventions they purposed destroying were monuments of human progress which belonged to the whole civilized world, and

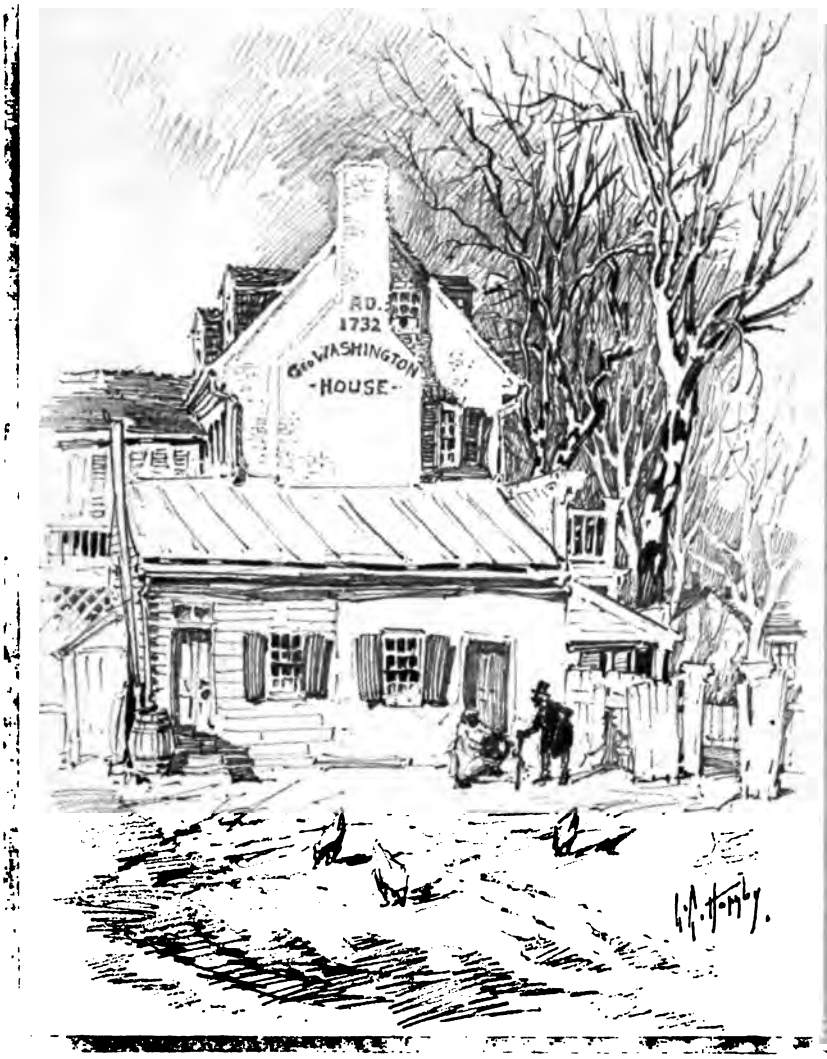
denounced such vandalism as a disgrace to the British uniform. His boldness had its effect, and the Patent Office was spared. Another check came, in the form of an accident of poetic justice, at Greenleaf's Point, the present site of the Army War College. This place had been used as an arsenal by the defenders of the city, who, before deserting it, had secreted all their surplus gunpowder in a dry well in the midst of the grounds. A body of British troops undertook to destroy the American cannon they found there by firing one gun directly into another, when a fragment of burning wadding was blown into the well, causing an explosion that killed twelve and wounded more than thirty of the party.

President Madison, who had been at Bladensburg personally superintending the placing of our troops, hastened southward when the rout began, and took refuge among the hills of northern Virginia. There he was presently joined by his wife, and both remained in seclusion till they received word that the British had marched away. This message was preceded by the news that the President's House had been burned, with all its contents except a few portable articles which could be gathered and put out of harm's reach at an hour's notice. The property destroyed with absolute wantonness in various parts of the city

aggregated in value between two and three million dollars — a heavy loss for a government which was just managing to stagger along with its legitimate burdens, and in a capital that could barely be kept from collapse under the most favoring conditions. It is not wonderful that the British press was almost a unit in condemning Cockburn's vandalism, the London *Statesman* saying: "Willingly would we throw a veil of oblivion over the transactions at Washington; the Cossacks spared Paris, but we spared not the capital of America!" And the *Annual Register:* "The extent of the devastation practised by the victors brought a heavy censure upon the British character, not only in America, but on the Continent of Europe." The restoration of the President's House alone, including the repainting of its outside surface to remove the scars of the fire, consumed four years, in the course of which President Madison made way for his successor, Monroe, and the building had fastened to it, from its freshened color, the title it has worn in popular speech from that day to this.

It was a sorry-looking Washington to which the Madisons came back. Blackened ruins were everywhere; placards posted here and there denounced the President as the author of the city's misfortunes; mournful streams of women, children, old men, and

*George Washington Tavern, Bladensburg*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GEO. WASHINGTON
-HOUSE-

shamefaced stragglers from the defensive force, trickled in from the woods in the suburban country where they had been hiding since the battle; the streets were strewn with the wreckage of a cyclone which had swept the valley almost simultaneously with the hostile troops, unroofing houses, uprooting trees, demolishing chimneys, and generally supplementing the disasters of warfare. Indeed, almost the only potentiality of evil that had not come to pass was an uprising of the slaves, which had been widely feared, as some of the restless spirits among them had been overheard counseling their fellows to join the British in looting the city and then make a break for freedom. The Madisons, after a brief visit with friends, rented the Octagon house at the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, now the headquarters of the American Institute of Architects. It was here that President Madison signed the treaty of Ghent, binding Great Britain and the United States to a peace which has remained for a whole century unbroken. Here, too, Dolly Madison held her republican court, the most famous since Martha Washington's in New York, and far eclipsing that in splendor.

To provide a meeting-place for Congress till the Capitol could be occupied once more, a building which stood at the corner of F and Seventh Streets was made

over for the purpose. It proved so uncomfortable, however, as to revive with increased zest the discussion whether, in view of the spread of population through the newly opened West, it would not be wiser to remove the seat of government to some fairly accessible point in that part of the country. The agitation alarmed the more important property-owners in Washington, who, in order to head it off before it had gone too far, hastily organized a company to put up a temporary but better equipped substitute for the Capitol. They chose a site a few hundred yards to the eastward of the burned edifice, and there built a long house which is still standing, though now divided into dwellings. The stratagem accomplished its aim, and Congress stayed in its improvised domicile till 1819. This occupancy gave the building the title, "the Old Capitol," that clings to it to-day in spite of the changes it has undergone in the interval.

Washington was early supplied with a good general newspaper in the *National Intelligencer*, and the social side of life presently found a weekly interpreter in *The Huntress*, edited by Mrs. Ann Royall, whose personality was so aggressive that John Quincy Adams described her as going about "like a virago-errant in enchanted armor." She said so much, also, in disparagement of some of her neighbors, that she was

indicted by the grand jury as a common scold and threatened with a ducking in accordance with an old English law in force in the District. But the disseminators of information to whose coming the citizens looked forward more eagerly than to any printed sheet, were two men who made their rounds daily on horseback among the homes of the well-to-do. One was the postman, delivering the mails that came in by stage-coach from the outer world; the other was the barber, who, like an endless-chain letter, picked up the latest gossip at every house he visited, and left in exchange all the items he had picked up at previous stopping-places.

During the next generation Washington saw, it is safe to say, more of the ups and downs of fortune than any other American city. The reasons were manifold. For one thing, the larger part of its population consisted of persons whose permanent ties were elsewhere. As federal officeholders they were residents of Washington, but they retained their citizenship in the places from which they had been drawn. Under the Constitution, moreover, Congress exercised supreme authority in the District of Columbia, and every member of Congress had the interests of his home constituency more at heart than those of the people who were his neighbors for only a few months

at a time. Nevertheless, the population of the capital, which, when it rose from its ashes, numbered between eight and nine thousand, more than doubled within the next twenty years. Then came ten years of great uncertainty, during which occurred the overwhelming business panic of 1837, that set awry nearly everything in America, and for this period the increase averaged only about five hundred souls annually. But another twenty years of forward movement brought the total up to a little more than sixty thousand.

In the meantime many things had happened, calculated to attract public attention generally to Washington. President Monroe had proclaimed his famous doctrine, warning Europe to keep its hands off this hemisphere. President Jackson had made his fight upon the United States Bank and won it, changing the whole financial outlook of the country. The Capitol had been enlarged, and several new Government buildings started; the Smithsonian Institution had begun to make its mark in the scientific world, and the Washington Monument had risen nearly two hundred feet into the air. The long-threatened war with Mexico had come and gone, adding a rich area to our public domain. Steamships had crowded sailing vessels off the highways of commerce and become the main dependence of the Yankee navy. The Bal-

timore and Ohio Railway, the first successful experiment in its field, had brought what we now call the Middle West, with its grain and minerals, to within a day's journey of the capital, and this pioneer enterprise had been followed by the opening of other rail facilities. The Fugitive Slave Law and the Kansas-Nebraska Act had been passed, slavery had been abolished in the District of Columbia, the Underground Railroad had begun to haul its daily consignment of runaway negroes across the Canada border, the Supreme Court had rendered the Dred Scott decision, and John Brown had led his raid in the mountain country scarcely fifty miles from where the Court was sitting. Letter postage, anywhere east of the Mississippi River, had come down to a three-cent unit. The first telegraph message had been transmitted over a wire connecting Baltimore with Washington, and out of this small beginning had presently been developed a network of electric communication covering all our more thickly populated territory; while experimenters with a submarine line had effected an exchange of messages between England and the United States which proved the practicability of their enterprise. Last but not least, royalty had smiled upon us in the person of the Prince of Wales, who had passed some days as the guest of President Buchanan at the White House.

Had Washington been situated elsewhere than on the border line between two sections, neither of which felt any pride in its success, or had it been governed by executives whose records were to be made or marred by the faithfulness with which they turned every opportunity to account for its welfare and reputation, we should probably have seen the capital beginning then its career as the model city of the new world. Instead, the dependence of its people, at every stage, on the favor of what was practically an alien governing body, bore natural fruit in a feeble community spirit.

By 1860 Washington had reached the middle of its Slough of Despond. Not a street was paved except for a patch here and there, and Pennsylvania Avenue was the only one lighted after nightfall. Pigs roamed through the less pretentious highways as freely as dogs. There was not a sewer anywhere, a shallow, uncovered stream carrying off the common refuse to the Potomac, which was held in its channel only by raw earthen bluffs. Wells and springs furnished all the water, and the police and fire departments were those of a village. The open squares, intended for beauty spots, were densely overgrown with weeds. Except for an omnibus line to Georgetown, not a public conveyance was running. Such permanent Department buildings as had been started, though ambitious

in design and suggesting by their outlines a desire for something better than had yet been accomplished, had not reached a habitable state. The Capitol was in disorder, and still overrun with workmen who had been employed in constructing the new wings and were preparing to raise the dome; the White House had scarcely a fitter look, with its environment of stables and shambling fences and its unkempt grounds.

Nor was there any prospect of speedy improvement in municipal conditions. Every considerable stride in that direction would mean largely increased taxation, and the bulk of the taxable property had drifted into the hands of unprogressive whites and ignorant negroes, who were equally unwilling to pay the price. Upon this seemingly hopeless chaos descended the cloud of civil war.

It was a black cloud, but it had a sunlit lining.

## CHAPTER II

### WAR TIMES AND THEIR SEQUEL

THREE days after John Brown had been hanged for his Harper's Ferry raid, the Thirty-sixth Congress convened. Brown's exploit had sent a wave of excitement sweeping over the country, and the slavery controversy had entered a phase of emotional acuteness it had never known before. There was a strong Republican plurality in the new House of Representatives, but it was by no means of one mind, most of its members still hoping to avoid any action which might precipitate a dismemberment of the Union. It took forty-four ballots, covering a period of eight weeks, for a combination of Republicans with a few outsiders to choose a Speaker, and the wrangling which preceded and followed the choice reached at times the verge of bloodshed. A large majority of the Representatives from both Northern and Southern constituencies attended the sessions armed.

Before the end of June, 1860, four Presidential tickets were in the field. The Republican ticket was headed

by Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, the Northern Democratic ticket by his old rival in State politics, Stephen A. Douglas. The Southern Democrats had nominated John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, then Vice-president, and what was left of the Whig party had united with the peacemakers generally in naming John Bell of Tennessee. When Lincoln was elected in November, every one knew that a crisis was at hand; for, although opposed to the use of violence for the extinction of slavery, he disbelieved utterly in the system, and the radical leaders in the South proceeded at once with their plans for divorcing the slave States from the free States.

South Carolina led the actual revolt by adopting an ordinance of secession and withdrawing her delegation from Congress. Almost simultaneously she sent three commissioners to Washington, "empowered to treat with the Government of the United States for the delivery of the forts, magazines, lighthouses and other real estate within the limits of South Carolina" to the State authorities. President Buchanan, fearing lest any discussion with them might be construed as a recognition of their claim to an ambassadorial status, referred them to Congress, which met the difficulty at the threshold by turning their case over to a special committee, with the result that their demands

were disregarded. The committee, however, played a pretty important part in the activities of the succeeding winter, for the Union men in its membership organized themselves into a sort of subcommittee of safety, and opened confidential channels of communication with men and women all over the city who were in a position to tell them promptly what the enemies of the Union were planning to do. These secret informers included all classes of persons, from domestic servants to Cabinet officers. The correspondence was conducted not through the post-office, but by cipher notes hidden in out-of-the-way places, where the parties for whom they were intended could safely look for them after nightfall.

The militia and fire departments of the District of Columbia were modest affairs then, but their members were alert to the growing possibilities of trouble. Some who were secession sympathizers formed themselves into rifle clubs and drilled privately at night; while the Unionists built up a little body of minutemen, who elected their own officers and secreted stands of arms at the Capitol and other convenient points, so that they could respond instantly, wherever they chanced to be, to a summons for emergency service. Day after day brought its budget of news from the South, saddening or thrilling. Thomas and Floyd

quitted the Cabinet, Dix became Secretary of the Treasury, and Holt Secretary of War. In January, 1861, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi seceded, seizing all the forts, vessels, and other Government property on which they could lay hands; and Dix put upon the wire his historic despatch to his special agent at New Orleans, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," but it was intercepted and never reached its destination.

February witnessed the secession of Texas, the election of Jefferson Davis as President and Alexander H. Stephens as Vice-president of the Confederate States of America, and the withdrawal of several Senators and Representatives from the United States Congress. The only cheering news of the month was the refusal of Tennessee and Missouri to secede, though both States contained a multitude of citizens who would have preferred to do so. Daily the galleries of Congress were crowded with spectators representing all shades of opinion and at times uncontrollable in their expressions of approval or disapproval. When the House voted to submit a Constitutional amendment forbidding the interference of Congress with slavery or any other State institution, one element in the gallery burst into deafening applause; the

opposing element in the Senate became equally boisterous in applauding a speech by Andrew Johnson, denouncing as a traitor any man who should fire upon the flag or conspire to take over Government property for the Confederacy. The difference in the treatment of the two outbreaks was significant: that in the House was merely rebuked in words, but in the Senate the gallery was cleared and closed to spectators for the rest of the day.

In fairness it should be said that at this trying juncture several men in positions of responsibility, who had made no secret of their interest in the Southern cause, acted the honorable part when put to the test. Vice-president Breckinridge was credited by current gossip with an intention, at the official count of the electoral vote, to refuse to declare Lincoln elected, or permit a mob to break up the session and destroy the authenticated returns. On the contrary, he conducted the count with as much scrupulousness in every detail as if his heart were in the result. Equal praise is due to the chief of the Capitol police, who, though bitterly hostile to Mr. Lincoln, took all the precautions for his safety on the day of inauguration that his best friend could have taken.

Thus the Buchanan administration went out, and the Lincoln administration came in. The persistent

*Octagon House*

warnings of a plot to kill or kidnap the President-elect led to the adoption of an extraordinary program for bringing him safely to Washington. Under the escort of an experienced detective, he made the journey from Harrisburg at high speed, in a special train provided by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, all the tracks having been previously cleared, and the telegraph wires cut along the route. Meanwhile, a sensational newspaper had published locally a story that Lincoln was already in the city, having been smuggled through Baltimore in disguise in order to elude the conspirators who were waiting there to assassinate him. This fiction so incensed William H. Seward, who had been in Washington preparing for the arrival of his future chief, that Lincoln was not allowed to make a toilet after his night's journey, but was hurried, all unwashed and unshaven, to the Capitol, so that the members of Congress could see him and satisfy themselves of the falsity of what they had read.

His immunity thus far did not quiet the apprehensions of Lincoln's friends, who took especial pains to prevent the interruption of his inauguration at any point. A temporary fence was built around the space immediately in front of the platform from which his address was to be delivered, and an enclosed alley of boards was constructed from the place where he

would leave his carriage to the place where he would pass into the Capitol. On the morning of the fourth of March, armed men in citizen's clothing were stationed on the roofs of all the buildings overlooking the main east portico, and others on and under its platform, while yet others mingled with the crowd of thirty thousand spectators that early assembled on the plaza. Batteries of light artillery were posted in commanding positions, with their cannon loaded and prepared to sweep any of several converging streets on the approach of a mob. Buchanan drove with Lincoln to the Capitol, and their carriage was surrounded by a hollow square of regular troops, in formation so dense that the occupants of the vehicle were scarcely visible from the sidewalk. Hannibal Hamlin, the Vice-president-elect, walked up from Willard's Hotel, on purpose to hear what the people who lined the Avenue were saying. Their comments were, as a rule, far from friendly to the incoming administration, and some were distinctly ominous.

Lincoln appeared very calm, in spite of the general atmosphere of excitement. Buchanan's face was graver than usual, and he spoke little during the drive. When the party came upon the platform, Senator Baker of Oregon stepped forward and said simply, "Fellow citizens, I introduce to you Abraham Lin-

coln, President-elect of the United States"; and the tall, ungainly hero of the day advanced to the rail. He laid his manuscript, to which he had put the finishing touches at daybreak that morning, upon the little desk with his cane for a paper-weight, and looked about for somewhere to lay his high silk hat; Stephen A. Douglas, who was sitting near, reached for the hat and held it throughout the proceedings. Lincoln, after a brief pause, drew from his pocket a pair of steel-bowed spectacles, which he adjusted very deliberately, and began to read with a seriousness of manner that soon quenched all disposition to frivolity in his audience. The address was a plea for the preservation of that friendship between the North and the South which had been hallowed by their united warfare in the past against the enemies of their country, and ended thus:

"Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every loving heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

When the last syllable had passed his lips, he stood still a moment, slowly sweeping the multitude with

his eyes. Then he bowed to Chief Justice Taney, who, in a voice tremulous with emotion, administered the oath of office.

Within six weeks thereafter Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and the new President had issued his call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to maintain the laws of the United States, and summoned Congress to meet in extra session on the fourth of July. Almost the first thing the Senate did when it came together was to expel six of its members who had cast their fortunes with the seceding States. Meanwhile, Washington had been transformed from an outwardly peaceful town into a military camp. A home defense corps was hurriedly enlisted by Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky and James H. Lane of Kansas, and a guard was posted around the White House every night. The minutemen were called out repeatedly for special service. Once they seized a vessel which was about to sail from a Potomac wharf for a southern port, laden with munitions of war alleged to have been stolen from the Government. Again, they marched to Georgetown and took forcible possession of the flour stored in a mill there and reported to them as destined for the Confederate army; this, by commandeering all the wagons in the neighborhood, they removed to the Capitol and stowed away in the basement rooms. In

the streets, all strangers were eyed with suspicion. Signals to the police, the home defense corps, and the minutemen were conveyed by certain tollings of big bells; and, as every signal meant trouble either present or imminent, the townspeople lived continually as if on the brink of a volcano.

Among the earliest State volunteers to reach the city were regiments from Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. The Massachusetts Sixth, which had been fired on by a mob while passing through Baltimore, was quartered in the Hall of the Senate, and the New York Seventh in the Hall of Representatives; while bivouacked in other parts of the same building were about five hundred Pennsylvanians and a company of United States artillery, for there was general expectation of a Confederate attack upon the Capitol. The New York Seventy-first was assigned to the Washington Navy Yard, so as to be convenient for repelling approaches from Alexandria by way of the river.

The first incident of the war in which Alexandria figured, however, was not a foray on Washington but a tragedy at home. Colonel Ephraim E. Ellsworth, who had recruited a regiment of zouaves from New York City, came to Washington at its head. He was young, handsome, soldierly in bearing, and

full of enthusiasm; but Mr. Lincoln, though greatly attracted to him, felt some misgivings as to his ability to control his zouaves, for the New York firemen of that period had a reputation for turbulence. Hence, when arrangements were made for moving troops into Virginia to occupy a region which must be held for the defense of the capital, the President consented to let Ellsworth's regiment go only on condition that it should be instantly disbanded if its members committed any breach of discipline.

At two o'clock on the morning of May 24, 1861, the zouaves boarded two Potomac steamboats, which before sunrise had dropped down to Alexandria. Leaving most of his men on the wharf, Ellsworth started with a small squad toward a telegraph office whence he could report to Washington by wire. He observed a Confederate flag flying from the roof of a hotel known as the Marshall House, and, realizing what might happen if his men caught sight of it, entered with the purpose of directing its removal. Jackson, the landlord, was abed, and the man in charge of the office seemed irresponsible, so Ellsworth and his squad hauled down the flag themselves. As they were descending with it, Jackson suddenly emerged from his chamber in the second story and leveled a double-barreled shotgun at Corporal Brownell, the soldier

nearest him. Brownell, with his rifle, struck Jackson's gun just as its trigger was pulled, and the shot went wild; but in an instant Jackson had aimed again and discharged the contents of the second barrel into Ellsworth's breast. The Colonel fell dead, and Brownell, firing and using his bayonet almost simultaneously, killed Jackson where he stood.

Except one who had lost his life by an accident, Ellsworth was the first Union soldier to fall in the Civil War. He was buried from the White House by the President's order; and the news of his death so aroused the North that volunteers poured into Washington for a time faster than the Government could arm and provision them. Mostly they were militia regiments which had come on under their own officers. In Washington they were united in brigades, with generals of some experience in command, and sent into Virginia by way of the "Long Bridge," which had its terminus on the fringe of the Arlington estate; it was a wooden structure, and the troops had to break step in crossing it. The first battle between the two armies was at a point near Manassas, and took its name, Bull Run, from a small stream which, about twenty-five miles southwest of Washington, joins the Occoquan River.

So little conception had the people at large of the

actualities of war that many Washingtonians and tourists, of all ages and sexes, drove down in carriages to watch the battle from a safe position on the hillside. Fighting began on the morning of Sunday, July 21, and the first reports that reached the city described everything as going favorably to the Union cause. The despatches sent to Northern newspapers all reflected this view, and some went pretty elaborately into detail concerning incidents on various parts of the field. But suddenly the tide turned, and with a panicky force which started the whole body of Federal troops on a pell-mell rush for Washington. The light-hearted spectators ran, too, often impeding the retreat of the soldiers by getting their carriages wedged together on a bridge or a narrow road, while the air shook with mingled profanity and prayers, punctuated with hysterics. Not a few of the carriage folk, as night drew near, became so terrified that they cut their harness and rode their horses bareback, two sometimes clinging to one animal. The Confederates, discovering the rout, were as much surprised as the Federals. They set out to follow their foes, but, not fully grasping the real conditions, stopped about fifteen miles short of Washington and waited for morning, thus giving the fugitive army a chance to recover from its first demoralization. Had they

pressed on, they might have taken possession of the capital that night, captured the stored munitions, and looted the Treasury; and the record of the next four years must have been written in a different vein.

Meanwhile, the true story had been brought in by the fleeing non-combatants, and the Associated Press attempted to send out a correction of first reports, but discovered too late that the Government had seized all the telegraph lines and established a temporary censorship, postponing any further dissemination of news. As far as known, only one prominent paper in the North was able to describe the disaster in its Monday morning's issue. That was a Philadelphia journal, whose correspondent had taken to his heels as soon as the panic began. By the time he reached Washington, he was so convinced that the Confederates were going to capture the city at once, that he boarded a train which was just pulling out for Philadelphia, and at his desk in his home office dictated his observations of the battle and the stampede.

The President, having received only cheering bulletins in the earlier part of Sunday, went out for his usual drive in the cool of the afternoon. On his return, about half-past six o'clock, he found awaiting him a request to come immediately to General Scott's room at the War Department. All his Cabinet had gath-

ered there, and his hurried consultation with them resulted in messages directing various movements of troops in the field, and appeals to the Governors of the loyal States for more men. When he came back to his office, he threw himself upon a lounge, where he spent the night, not in sleep, but in listening to, and closely catechising, parties of civilians who had made their way in from Manassas and had hastened to the White House to pour their disjointed narratives into his ear. By daylight the streets of Washington presented a pitiful spectacle. Ordinary business was almost at a standstill; excited citizens were gathered in knots at every corner; and a multitude of disheartened soldiers, lacking leaders and organization, not knowing where to look for their next orders and thinking with dread of the effect the bad news would have upon their friends at home, were wandering aimlessly about. The President, after twenty-four hours of anxiety, was greatly relieved when the responses from the Northern States began to reach him, showing that the shock had not broken the faith of the people but had awakened them to the realities of the situation. This change was reflected in the Cabinet councils, too, where a sudden revision of opinion was observed on the part of those members who had fancied that the war would be merely a three months' holiday — a

triumphal march of a Northern army from Mason and Dixon's line to the Gulf of Mexico.

This is not a history of the civil conflict; its beginnings have been thus outlined only because they made so deep an impress on the future of Washington, which, from being generally regarded by the American people with comparative indifference, had become a center of interest for all the world. The city was not again seriously threatened with capture till July, 1864, when the Confederate General, Jubal A. Early, with a corps of seasoned soldiers, had worked his way around so as to descend upon it from the north. The news of his approach, spreading through the community, did not cause the consternation which might have been expected in view of the slight defensive preparation that had been made in the menaced quarter. Requisitions were sent to the army in Northern Virginia for such troops as could be spared. Wounded and discharged Union veterans shouldered their guns once more. The male nurses in the hospitals were drafted for active duty. A troop of cavalry was recruited among the civilian teamsters at work in the city. From all the executive Departments the able-bodied clerks were called out, armed with rifles or muskets as far as possible, and for the rest with pistols, old cutlasses, axes, shovels, and whatever

other implements might be turned to emergency use, and ranged up on the sidewalks for elementary instruction and drill. Those who were least strong or most poorly armed were organized into a home-guard, to act as a last reserve if the Confederates succeeded in piercing a line of earthworks thrown out north of the city. Some of these fortifications can still be identified, though worn away by a half-century's exposure to a variable climate, overgrown with trees and vines, and at intervals used as building sites. The most interesting of the chain is Fort Stevens, near the present Seventh Street Road, for there President Lincoln stood for hours under fire, refusing to go home as long as there seemed a chance that his presence could lend any inspiration to the men. The invading force was repulsed after a two days' effort to break through, and Washington breathed freely once more.

We come now to the concluding stage of the great struggle. Mr. Lincoln was reëlected in November, 1864, and inaugurated on the fourth of March, 1865, making the chief theme of his address a plea for generous treatment of the South. Within a month Richmond fell, and five days after that General Lee surrendered his army. There was great rejoicing in Washington over both these portents of peace, and parties of men and women paraded the streets after

*Union Engine House of 1815*

OLDEST
VFA

nightfall, singing patriotic songs in front of the dwellings of prominent Government officers. On the night of April 11 a great crowd gathered in the White House yard, loudly cheering the President and calling for a speech. Having been notified in advance, he had jotted down a few remarks which he now read from manuscript. This memory of him we shall take away with us, as he stood framed in an open window, with one of his secretaries at his side holding a lighted candle for him to see by, and his little son Tad taking from his hand the pages of manuscript, one by one, as he finished reading them, while the rest of his family, with radiant faces, were grouped where they could overlook the scene.

Three nights later, almost at the same hour, Booth's bullet laid the good man low in his box at Ford's Theater; and in a little back hall bedroom of the house across the street to which he was carried, he breathed his last at an early hour on the following morning. Simultaneously with the shooting of Mr. Lincoln, an attempt was made to kill Secretary Seward, and the detectives unearthed evidence of a wide conspiracy, which contemplated a simultaneous murder of the President, the Vice-president, all the Cabinet, and General Grant. The conspirators were soon tracked. Booth was shot in a Virginia barn in which

he had taken refuge from his pursuers; four others were tried by a military commission and hanged.

Andrew Johnson, the Vice-president, was not a tactful man, and had already drawn upon himself the enmity of the radical wing of his party in Congress, which was intensified by his first acts as President, foreshadowing a considerate policy toward the South. A tiresome petty warfare set in, Johnson vetoing bill after bill, only to see it repassed over his veto. Of the members of the Lincoln Cabinet he had retained, Secretary Stanton was the one with whom he had most friction, and in August, 1867, he called for Stanton's resignation, designating General Grant to manage the War Department temporarily. On Stanton's refusal to resign, Johnson suspended him, and Grant took over the Department and held it till the Senate adopted a resolution declaring its non-concurrence in Stanton's suspension. Then Grant stepped out, and Stanton returned to duty. Johnson suspended him again, this time designating General Lorenzo Thomas to act in his stead. Matters had now reached a climax, and the House in 1868 impeached the President. His trial by the Senate consumed nearly two months and ended in a failure to convict. In view of this defeat, Stanton resigned, and from that time till the close of his term President Johnson continued his quarrel

with the opponents of his policy, celebrating his last Christmas in the White House by proclaiming a general pardon and amnesty, so framed as to include all grades of political offenders.

Johnson was President when the enlargement of the Capitol building was finished, including the rearing of the present dome. While the alterations were in progress, the grand two days' parade of the victorious armies took place on Pennsylvania Avenue, the President reviewing it as it passed the White House. General Grant was elected by the Republicans to succeed Johnson, taking office in March, 1869. During the next sixteen years, divided between his two terms and the administrations of Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur, Washington almost doubled in population. While Grant was President, it was so constantly in the public eye that many rich men discerned its future possibilities and invested in real estate there. Army and navy officers, retired from active duty, found it pleasant to settle down where they would be most likely to meet their old comrades. A few scholars drifted in, so as to have easy access to the Government libraries and records. Thus, in both a material and a social way, Washington took a strong upward start.

For the esthetic side of the general change, less can

be said in praise. Most of the dwellings built during this era can still be distinguished by their gratuitous ugliness. The parks became strewn with flower-beds of fantastic shape, overrun by a riot of inharmonious colors. Statues sprang up like mushrooms, unrelated in size or style or any other quality. Alterations of street grades left little houses perched on bluffs and leaning against big neighbors built at the new level, or sunk in dingy pits. All this contributed to give the city an unfinished look, like that of a child growing out of its small clothes. Over the whole process of transformation loomed its master figure, Alexander R. Shepherd.

No man of his day, unless it were Grant himself, endured more wholesale denunciation or found more valiant defenders than he. Like Grant, who believed in him thoroughly, he had an iron will which treated all obstacles as negligible when he had set himself to accomplish a certain end. As a plumber by trade and a very competent one, he had accumulated a fortune before middle life. Early in his business career he had made up his mind that Washington's failure to fulfil L'Enfant's ideal of a beautiful capital was due to the sluggishness which pervaded it, and this he resolved to dispel. Grant listened to his projects and encouraged them. The first step was to abolish

the existing form of municipal government and to substitute a Territorial form, with a Governor and a Board of Public Works. Shepherd was made vice-president of the Board and virtually its dictator.

What he had to face in his effort to launch the city afresh can hardly be conceived by an observer of to-day. Although ten years had elapsed since the outbreak of the great war of which Washington was the focal center, local conditions had improved but slightly upon those described toward the close of the previous chapter. The road-bed of Pennsylvania Avenue had received a pavement of wood, which was fast going to pieces. A single square in Vermont Avenue was surfaced with a coal-tar product that had proved its unfitness. A few other streets had been spread with a thick coat of gravel, which, as it was gradually ground down, filled the air with fine grit whenever the wind blew. The rest of the highways were either paved with cobblestones or left in their primitive dirt, which became nearly impassable in very wet weather for mud, and in very dry weather for dust. It was not uncommon for a heavy vehicle like a fire-engine to get stalled when it most needed to hurry, and to avoid this contingency the engines sometimes ran over the sidewalk. In the northwestern quarter, now so attractive, the marshes were undrained, and the people

forced to live there suffered tortures from chills and fever. There was no efficient system of scavenging, but swine were kept in back yards of dwellings to devour the kitchen refuse. Poultry and cattle roamed freely about the vacant lots in thinly settled neighborhoods. There were several open sewers; and the street sweepings, including offal of a highly offensive sort, were dumped on the common south of Pennsylvania Avenue and strewn over the plots set apart for lawns.

Because Shepherd foresaw the hostility he would excite by his program of reforms, and that what he did must therefore be done quickly, he crowded into three years what might well have consumed twenty. To save time and cut red tape, he awarded contracts to friends whom he believed to be as much in earnest as he was — a practice which of course laid him open to accusations of favoritism; he experimented with novel materials and methods, many of which proved ill-adapted to his needs; and his expenditures reached figures which surprised even him when he found leisure to foot up his debit page. But he shirked nothing because of the danger or trouble it might involve for himself, and his opponents had to lie awake nights to outwit him.

For instance, there stood on the present site of the

Public Library in Mount Vernon Square a ramshackle old market building, the owners of which had contrived so to intrench themselves behind legal technicalities that they could not be ousted by any ordinary process. One evening, after the courts were closed, a platoon of brawny laborers was marched up to the building, armed with battering-rams, axes, and sledge-hammers, and, before proprietors or tenants could hunt up a judge to interfere, the party had reduced the market to kindling wood and prepared the ground for conversion into a public park. Again, when the time came to improve the lower end of Pennsylvania Avenue, a railroad crossing stood in the way. It had been laid during the war, with no legal warrant but as a temporary military necessity, and the company had repeatedly refused to remove it. So at one o'clock one Sunday morning, when injunctions were out of the question, Shepherd brought down a gang of trusty men and proceeded to tear up the rails, which could never thereafter be replaced.

The boldness of this performance so stirred the admiration of John W. Garrett, one of the most powerful railway magnates of the day, that he offered Shepherd a vice-presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Company. But Shepherd was not to be lured away. He was promoted by Grant from the vice-presidency of

the Board of Public Works to the Governorship of the District, a move which, though flattering, made him all the more shining a mark for attack; and a group of large landowners, shuddering at the prospect of further increases in taxation, induced Congress to reorganize the local government, wiping out entirely the Territorial system and popular suffrage, and putting the administration of affairs into the hands of three Commissioners to be appointed for limited terms by the President. This plan has remained substantially unchanged for more than forty years, to the satisfaction of the citizens who have most at stake in the welfare of the city.

Having entered office rich at the age of thirty, Shepherd quitted it at thirty-three so poor that he had to begin life anew in the Mexican mining country. He left as his monument a record expenditure of twenty-six million dollars, about half that amount remaining as a bonded debt; many miles of newly opened or extended streets; a splendid achievement in shade-tree installation and parking improvement; modern water, sanitation, and lighting plants; and, above all, an awakened popular spirit as to civic advancement. Albeit his ways of working out his plans often were so crude as to shock the sense of quieter people and not to be commended as a continuing force for

*On the Ruins of Fort Stevens*

good, they served their time, which needed the application of a crowbar rather than a cambric needle.

True to his human type, Shepherd was an odd mixture of incongruities. He poured out public funds like water, yet profited never a cent himself. In his own fashion he was pious, yet he could swear like a trooper when aroused, and once halted in the midst of family prayers to order a servant to "drive that damned cow out of the rose-bushes!" He was overheard, after hurling imprecations at some contractor who had mishandled a job, murmuring a prayer to the Almighty to forgive and forget his momentary loss of temper. A lady who once engaged him as a plumber to hang a chandelier in her parlor noticed that it swayed under her touch, and sent for him again to make sure that it would not fall upon the heads of her guests. His answer was to mount a chair on one side of the room, pull the chandelier toward him till he could grasp it with both hands, jump off, and swing his whole weight of two hundred and twenty-five pounds across to a chair on the opposite side. This exhibition of his confidence in his work completely restored hers.

Little more need be told here. The sodden soil plowed up by Shepherd was gradually harrowed and seeded, watched and watered, till it brought forth a

new city, which under later administrations, in spite of many vicissitudes, has prospered in the main. Presidents Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley took an interest in it which, while kindly, had some of the detached quality of their interest in any of the States or Territories; under them, however, the beautiful Rock Creek National Park and its neighbor the "Zoo" were planned and largely developed, and the pleasure-ground and suburban expansion programs received a considerable impetus. President Roosevelt felt a lively sense of the importance of the city as the capital of a great nation. It was in his time that the White House underwent its restoration, and the L'Enfant plan generally was revived as a standard. He was responsible, also, for attracting to Washington, as permanent residents, many literary and scientific workers whom it had formerly welcomed only as visitors, and the foundation of the Carnegie Institution went far to make this period notable in local annals. Mr. Taft's interest took more the neighborly bent, as if Washington were his home. He bore an active part in the popular movements for beautifying the city, not so much because it was a capital, as because he wished to have a hand in the civic enterprises of his fellow townsmen.

President Wilson's attitude has not thus far been

so clearly defined as that of his recent predecessors. Other pressing public concerns have left him scant time for looking into municipal improvement projects. Mrs. Wilson, however, gave them much attention; and a hope expressed during her last illness so touched the heart of Congress as to bring about the enactment of some long-delayed legislation to abate the use of unwholesome alleys for the tenements of the poor.

## CHAPTER III

### "ON THE HILL"

IN the ordinary conversation of Washington, one rarely hears Congress mentioned by name. The respective functions of its two chambers are so generally understood that it is common to distinguish between them: the Senate yesterday did so-and-so; something is about to occur in the House of Representatives. In speaking of the lawmakers collectively, the familiar phrase is "the gentlemen on the hill." Washington has several hills, but "the" hill is by universal consent the one on which the Capitol stands.

To the visitor who knows the city only in its present aspect, the choice of this hill for the monumental building now crowning it seems most natural. This is not, however, the place originally considered for the purpose. James Madison favored Shuter's Hill, an eminence a little west of Alexandria, now embraced in the tract set apart for George Washington Park. Thomas Jefferson supported Madison in this preference; but President Washington, feeling that Virginia

had already had her full share of the honors in launching the new republic, insisted that the most important architecture at the seat of government should stand on the Maryland side of the Potomac. His view prevailed; and, when the sites of the principal public buildings were marked on L'Enfant's plan of the city, that selected for the Capitol was the elevation which, besides being fairly central, commanded in its outlook, and was commanded by, the greatest area of country on both sides of the river.

Like almost everything else architectural in Washington, the Capitol is a pile of gradual growth, subjected to many changes of detail in the plans. Sketches were submitted in competition for a prize; the two competitors who came nearest to meeting the requirements, though adopted citizens of the United States, were respectively of French and English birth; and the drawings finally evolved from the general scheme of the one modified by the more acceptable ideas of the other were turned over to an Irishman to perfect and carry out. Most of the credit belongs, undoubtedly, to Doctor William Thornton, a draftsman by profession, who afterward became Superintendent of Patents. The material used was freestone from a neighboring quarry. Only the north or Senate end was far enough advanced by the autumn of 1800 to

enable Congress to hold its short session there, and the disputes which arose over the succeeding stages of the work led President Jefferson to call in Benjamin H. Latrobe of Richmond, the first architect of already established rank who had had anything to do with it. Under his direction, the south end was made habitable by 1811; and the House of Representatives, which till then had been uncomfortably quartered in such odd places as it could find, took possession. There was no central structure connecting the Senate and House ends, but a roofed wooden passageway led from the one to the other. In this condition was the Capitol when, in 1814, the British invaders burned all of it that was burnable.

The heavier masonry, of course, was unaffected by the fire except for the need of a little patchwork here and there; but in his task of restoration Mr. Latrobe found himself so embarrassed by dissensions between the dignitaries who gave him his orders that after three vexatious years he resigned, and the celebrated Charles Bulfinch of Boston took his place. In 1830 Mr. Bulfinch pronounced the building finished and returned home, and for twenty years it remained substantially as he left it. Then, the needs of Congress having outgrown the space at their disposal, Thomas U. Walter of Philadelphia was ordered to prepare plans

for an enlargement, and he was far-sighted enough to make the extension the vehicle for some other improvements. The great wings attached to the northern and southern extremities were built of white marble, which has rendered imperative the frequent repainting of the old freestone surfaces to match; the dome was raised proportionally; and additions made, then and since, to the surrounding grounds, have given the building an appropriate setting and vastly enhanced its beauty of approach.

This is, in brief, the story of the Capitol as we find it to-day. A stroll through it will call up other memories. As you look at the building from the east, you will be struck by the difference in tint between the painted main structure and the two marble wings. Imagine the wings cut off and the dome reduced to about half its present height and ended abruptly in a flat top, and you have in your mind's eye a picture of the Capitol as Bulfinch left it, and as it remained till shortly before the Civil War. Its most conspicuous feature now is its towering dome, surmounted by a bronze allegorical figure of American Freedom. As the sculptor Crawford originally modeled the image, its head was crowned with the conventional liberty-cap; but Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, objected to this on the ground that it was the sign of a freed

slave, whereas Americans were born free. The cap was therefore discarded in favor of the present helmet of eagle feathers.

Filling the pediment over the main portico is a bit of sculpture which enjoys the distinction of having been designed by John Quincy Adams, because he could not find an artist who could draw him what he wished. It consists of three figures: the Genius of America in the center and Hope and Justice on either side, Justice appearing without her customary blindfold. Flanking the main staircase are two groups of statuary. That on our left is called "The Discovery" — Columbus holding aloft a globe, while an Indian woman crouches at his feet. It was done by the Italian sculptor Persico, who copied Columbus's armor from the last suit actually worn by him. And now comes a bit of politics; for Congress, having awarded this work to a foreigner, was besieged by a demand that the next order be given to an American, and accordingly engaged Horatio Greenough to produce "The Rescue," which stands on our right. It represents a frontiersman saving his wife and child from capture by an Indian.

The portico has an historic association with another President besides Adams, for it was here that an attempt was made upon the life of Andrew Jackson.

At the close of a funeral service in the House of Representatives, he had just passed out of the rotunda to descend the steps, when a demented mechanic named Lawrence sprang from a place of hiding, aimed a pistol at him, and pulled the trigger. As they were less than ten feet apart, the President was saved only by the failure of the powder to explode. Lawrence instantly dropped the useless pistol and tried another, with like effect. Jackson never could be talked out of the idea that Lawrence was the tool of political conspirators who wished to put some one else in his place as President.

We enter the building between the bronze doors designed by Randolph Rogers, commonly called the "Columbus doors" because they tell, in a series of reliefs, the life story of the discoverer. In the rotunda, the center of the building, we find ourselves surrounded by paintings and sculpture dealing with historical subjects. Hung at even intervals are eight large canvases, of which four are by John Trumbull, a portrait painter who was also an officer of the patriot army in the Revolution. For the one representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence, old John Randolph could find no better designation than "the shin piece," because "such a collection of legs never before came together in any one picture"; but a more

friendly commentator has discovered by actual count that, of the nearly fifty figures, only ten show either legs or feet, the rest being relieved by drapery or deep shadows. In another, the "Resignation of General Washington," are the figures of two girls, which have given rise to many a discussion among sightseers because the pair seem to have five hands between them; I shall not attempt to solve the problem.

The paintings of the "Landing of Columbus," "Discovery of the Mississippi," "Baptism of Pocahontas," and "Embarkation of the Pilgrims" are from the brushes of Vanderlyn, Powell, Chapman, and Weir respectively. Their subjects permit of picturesque costumes and dramatic groupings which Trumbull could not use. But whatever his limitations, we owe to him, probably more than to any other one man, the rotunda as we know it. Bulfinch had under consideration various schemes of treatment for the center of the building, but Trumbull's foremost thought was of a good light for his pictures; and, as he was a valued friend of the architect, the pertinacity with which he urged this design won the day.

Four doors pierce the circular chamber, and over each is a rectangle of sculpture in high relief. As works of art, the quartet are little short of execrable, but as milestones on the path of esthetic development

in America they have a charm of their own. All were the work of Italian sculptors, whose acquaintance with our domestic history and concerns was presumptively scant; and when the tablet showing William Penn negotiating his treaty with the Indians was first exhibited to the public, the head of the gentle Quaker was adorned with a cocked hat and military queue. It was necessary, therefore, to decapitate him and set upon his shoulders the head he now wears. All four reliefs deal with our aboriginal problem. In one, the Indians are welcoming the Pilgrim Fathers with a gift of corn; in another, they are conveying to Penn the land on which Philadelphia now stands; in a third, Pocahontas is saving the life of Captain John Smith; while in the fourth, Caucasian civilization, personified in Daniel Boone, has already killed one Indian and is engaged in bloody combat with a second. The series drew from an old chief the comment that they told the true story of the way the white race had repaid the hospitality of the red race by exterminating it; and another observer, pointing to the huddled-up body of the fallen Indian under Boone's foot, remarked: "The white man has not left the Indian land enough even to die on!"

Running all around the circular wall and immediately under the dome opening, we note an unfinished frieze,

so done in neutral tints as to convey the suggestion of relief sculpture, depicting the most notable events in the history of America from the landing of Columbus to the discovery of gold in California. Six of the fourteen scenes were painted by Constantino Brumidi, and the others after sketches left by him. It was an ambitious design, in view of the rapidity with which history is made now and the brevity of the space. Only a trifling gap is left for all that has happened in the last sixty years or so, and Congress has had more than one debate over what ought to be crowded into the record of this interval. Among the subjects considered have been the emancipation of the slaves, the completion of the first transcontinental railroad, and the freeing of Cuba; but the proposal which has met with most favor is a symbolic treatment of the Civil War, not as a breach between the sections but as the cementing of a stronger bond. This was set aside because the design outlined was a representation of Grant and Lee clasping hands under the Appomattox apple tree the objection being based on the discovery that the apple tree existed only in fiction, and that the real meeting-place of the two commanders was too unromantic for artistic use.

From the frieze our eyes ascend to the canopy, or inner lining of the dome, which hangs above us like an

*Survivals from "Before the War"*

inverted bowl enclosing an elaborate fresco in colors. This, too, is from the brush of Brumidi. Although it is ostensibly allegorical, many of its sixty-three human faces are recognizable portraits, including those of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Robert Morris, Samuel F. B. Morse, Robert Fulton, and Thomas U. Walter, who was architect of the Capitol while the work was in progress. In a group representing War, with an armed goddess of liberty for its center, are heads resembling those of Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens, Robert E. Lee, and John B. Floyd. Whether the likenesses are there by the deliberate intent of the artist, or merely by accident, no one will ever know, as Brumidi died in 1880.

The door on our left leads, through a short corridor, into what was once the Hall of Representatives. It is now known officially as the Hall of Statuary, but to irreverent critics as the National Chamber of Horrors, because of the varied assortment of marble and bronze images collected there. The room is semicircular, with a domed ceiling, a great arch and supporting pillars on its flat side, and a colonnade lining the horseshoe. During the forty years that it was used for legislative purposes, a rostrum holding the Speaker's table and chair filled the arch, and the desks of the Representatives were arranged in concentric curves to face

it. Overlooking the chamber, and following most of the rear wall, ran a narrow gallery for visitors who did not enjoy the privileges of the floor; it derived an air of comfort from curtains hung between the columns of the colonnade and looped back so as to produce the effect of a tier of opera-boxes. Stay in the room a while, and you will understand why, for many years, the complaint of its acoustic properties was so constant, and a demand for a better hall so strong: it is a wonderful whispering gallery. There are spots in the tiled pavement where you can stand and hear the slightest sound you make come back from some point before or behind you, over your head, or under your feet. Go to the place where the semicircle ends on one side of the room, and I will go to the corresponding place on the other side, and, by speaking into the vertical fissures between the wall and the pillars at the two extremities of the great arch, we can converse in the lowest tones with as much ease as if we were side by side instead of a hundred feet apart.

A vivid imagination can people this hall with ghosts. Here some of the fiercest forensic battles were fought in early days over protective tariffs, internal improvements, and, above all, negro slavery. Here it was that Randolph's piping voice denounced the Northern "dough-faces," and here Wilmot launched his historic

proviso. Here Alexander H. Stephens made his last effort to resuscitate the moribund Whig party, while Abraham Lincoln listened to his argument from a seat on the same side of the chamber. Here John Quincy Adams drew upon himself the fire of an incensed opposition by championing the people's right to petition Congress, and here he fell to the floor a dying paralytic. Here John Marshall, the greatest of our Chief Justices, administered the oath of office to two early Presidents. And here it was that Henry Clay, as Speaker, delivered his address of welcome to Lafayette as the guest of the nation, and listened with becoming gravity to the Marquis's response — which, as it afterward appeared, owed its excellent English to the fact that Clay had composed it for the most part himself.

The conversion of the hall from its former to its present uses was at the instance of the late Senator Morrill of Vermont, who procured legislation permitting every State in the Union to contribute two statues of distinguished citizens to this temple of fame. No restriction having been placed on the sizes of the figures, one result of his well-meant effort is a grotesque array of pigmies and giants, some of the personages biggest in life being most diminutive in effigy, while others of comparatively insignificant stature are here given massive proportions. Most of the notables

thus immortalized are persons with whose names we associate a story. Here stand, for example, Ethan Allen as he may have looked when demanding the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"; Charles Carroll, who wrote Carrollton after his name so that the servants of the King, when sent to hang him for signing the Declaration, would know where to find him; sturdy John Stark, who snapped his fingers at Congress and whipped the British at Bennington in his own fashion; Muhlenberg, the patriot parson, throwing back his gown at the close of his sermon and standing forth as a Continental soldier; and fiery Jim Shields, who once challenged Lincoln to a duel, but was laughed out of it when, arriving on the field, he found his adversary already there, mowing the tall grass with a cutlass to make the fighting easier!

Another corridor brings us to the present Hall of Representatives, which has been in use since the latter part of 1857. It is a spacious rectangular room, with a high ceiling chiefly of glass, through which it is lighted in the daytime by the sun and after nightfall by the modified glow of electric lamps in the attic. Its plan is that of an amphitheater, the platform occupied by the Speaker being at the lowest level in the middle of the long southern side. Facing this

are the concentric curved benches of the members, Formerly the body of the hall was filled with desks but, as the membership increased with the population of the country, these were found to take up too much room, not to mention the temptation they offered for letter-writing and other diversions. Back of the Speaker's chair hang a full-length portrait of Washington by Vanderlyn and one of Lafayette by Ary Schaeffer. The Washington is the conventional portrait as far as the waist-line, but the legs were borrowed from a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had a better pair than the General, and who consented to pose them for the benefit of posterity.

Now let us go back to the north or Senate wing of the building. On our way we swing around a little open air-well, through which we look down into the corresponding corridor of the basement. The well is surrounded by a colonnade supporting the base of a circular skylight. The columns are worth noticing, because their capitals are of native design, using the leaf of the tobacco plant somewhat conventionalized. They date from the period when the clerk of the United States Supreme Court, whose office is near by, used to receive a part of his compensation in tobacco.

A few steps more bring us to the Court itself, sitting in a chamber considerably smaller than the Hall of

Statuary, but laid out on the same plan. This was the first legislative chamber ever occupied in the Capitol, having been till 1859 the Hall of the Senate. Here it was that Thomas Jefferson was twice inaugurated as President. Here Daniel Webster pronounced the famous "reply to Hayne" which every boy orator once learned to spout from the rostrum. Here Preston Brooks made his murderous assault upon Charles Sumner, and here Henry Clay delivered the farewell address which we used to find in all the school readers. On the walls of this chamber once hung the life-size oil portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, which were presented by the Government of France to the Government of the United States just after our Revolution, and which disappeared when the British burned the Capitol in 1814. The room has always suffered from the same bad acoustic properties which caused the House of Representatives to exchange its old hall for its new one; and it has a similar whispering gallery, so that a court officer in one corner can communicate with a colleague in the other in a tone so low as to be inaudible to any one else.

Since it took possession here, the Court has rendered its legal tender and anti-trust decisions, and a number of others of historic importance. In this room sat, in 1877, the Electoral Commission which decided that

Mr. Hayes was entitled to take office as President. Here occurs, every day during a term, the one ancient and impressive ceremonial which can be witnessed at our seat of government. At the stroke of noon there appears at the right corner of the chamber the crier, who in a loud voice announces: "The Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States!" All present — attorneys, spectators, and minor functionaries — rise and remain standing while the members of the Court enter in single file, the Chief Justice leading. The lawyers bow to the Justices, who return the bow before sinking into their chairs. Thereupon the crier makes his second announcement: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business with the Honorable the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give attention, as the Court is now sitting. God save the United States and this Honorable Court!"

All the Justices wear gowns of black silk. John Jay, the first Chief Justice, relieved the somber monotony of his by adding a collar bound with scarlet, but the precedent was not followed. The Court has sometimes been styled the most dignified judicial tribunal in the world, and doubtless it deserves the compliment. Certainly no American need blush for its decorum. The whole atmosphere of its chamber is in keeping

with the fact, reverently voiced by one of its old colored servitors, that "dey ain't no appeal f'm dis yere Co't 'xcep' to God Almighty." The arguments made before it are confined to calm, unemotional reasoning. The pleaders do not raise their voices, or forget their manners, or indulge in personalities or oratory while debating: and the opinions of the Court are recited with a quietness almost conversational. These opinions are very carefully guarded up to the moment they are read from the bench; but now and then, after a decision has become history, there leaks out an entertaining story of how it came to be rendered.

One such instance was in the case of an imported delicacy which might have been classed either as a preparation of fish or as a flavoring sauce. The customs officers had levied duty on it as a sauce, and an importer had appealed. The Justices, when they came to compare notes, confessed themselves sorely puzzled, and one of them suggested that, since the technical arguments were so well balanced, it might be wise to fall back upon common sense. That evening he carried a sample of the disputed substance home to his wife, who was an expert in culinary matters.

"There, my dear," said he, "is a sauce for you to try."

With one look at the contents of the package,

which she evidently recognized, she exclaimed: "Pshaw! That's no sauce; that's fish — didn't you know it?"

The next day the Court met again for consultation, and on the following Monday handed down a decision overruling the customs officers and sustaining the importer's appeal.

Leaving the court-room and continuing northward, we come to the present Hall of the Senate. It is smaller than the present Hall of Representatives and also cleaner looking and more comfortable. When Congress is in full session, the contrast may be extended further so as to include what we hear as well as what we see, for there is little likeness between the two houses in the matter of orderliness of procedure. But that's another story, which will keep. It was from this chamber that the Senators from the seceding States took their departure in 1860 and 1861. For years afterward the first request of every visiting stranger was to be shown the seats formerly occupied by these men. As long as the old doorkeeper of the Senate, Captain Bassett, lived, he was reputed to be the only person who knew the history of every desk on the floor. Whether he transmitted this knowledge to any of his assistants before his death, I cannot say; but more than once he saved some of the furniture

from injury at the hands of wanton vandals or curio collectors.

During the early days of the Civil War, a party of Northern zouaves, passing through the city on their way to the front, entered the Senate Hall during a recess and tried to identify Davis's desk. They frankly avowed their purpose of destroying, if possible, the last trace of the Confederate President's connection with the United States Government; but Bassett refused to be coaxed, bribed, or bullied into revealing the information they wished. Their persistency presently aroused his fears lest they might come back later and renew their attempt in his absence; so he resorted to diplomacy and made them a little speech, reminding them that, no matter what Mr. Davis might have done to provoke their indignation, the desk at which he had sat was not his property, but that of the Government which they had come South to defend. His reasoning had its effect, and, admitting that he was right, they went away peaceably.

Back of the Senate chamber are two rooms set apart for the President and Vice-president respectively. Till lately, the President's room as a rule has been occupied only during a few closing hours of a session, when the President wishes to be readily accessible for the signing of such acts as he approves. Sometimes he

has spent the entire last night of a Congress here, returning to the White House for breakfast and coming to the Capitol again for an hour or two before noon. President Wilson has used the room more than any of his recent predecessors, going there to consult the leading members of his party in Congress while legislation is in course of preparation or passage.

The Vice-president's room has been more constantly in use as a retiring room for its occupant during the intervals when he is not presiding over the sessions of the Senate. On its wall has hung for many years a little gilt-framed mirror for which John Adams, while Vice-president, paid forty dollars, and which was brought with the other appurtenances of the Senate from Philadelphia when the Government removed its headquarters to Washington. Many of the frugal founders of the republic were scandalized at the extravagance of the purchase, and one gravely introduced in the Senate a resolution censuring Adams for having drawn thus heavily upon the public funds "to gratify his personal vanity." What these good men would say if they were to revisit the Capitol now and see in the same room with the forty-dollar mirror a silver inkstand that cost two hundred dollars and a clock that cost a thousand, we can only imagine. It was in this room, by the way, that Vice-president

Wilson died in November, 1875, after an attack of illness which suddenly overcame him at the Capitol and was too severe to justify his being carried to his home.

On the floor below are two other points of interest. We shall do well to descend, not by the broad marble staircases in the north wing, but by an old iron-railed and curved flight of stone steps a little south of the Supreme Court. Note, in passing, its columns, as truly American in design as those above-stairs to which attention has already been directed; for they conventionalize our Indian corn, the stalks making the body of a pillar and the leaves and ears the capital. The first point we shall visit is the crypt, which is directly under the rotunda. It is a vaulted chamber originally intended as a resting-place for the body of George Washington. There was to have been a circular opening in the ceiling, so that visitors in the rotunda could look down upon the sarcophagus, above which a suspended taper was to be kept continually burning. The light was duly hung there, and not extinguished for many years; but as Washington's heirs were unwilling to allow his remains to leave Mount Vernon, the rest of the plan was abandoned.

A little way north of the crypt we come to the room that the Supreme Court occupied for about forty

*Rock Creek*

years after the restoration of the Capitol. Out of it was sent the first message with which Samuel F. B. Morse announced to the world the success of his invention, the magnetic telegraph. Morse was perfectly convinced that his device was workable, but he had exhausted his means before being able to make a satisfactory experiment. He therefore asked Congress for an appropriation to equip a trial line between Washington and Baltimore. Some of the members scoffed at his appeal as visionary; others intimated that he was trying to impose upon the Government; only a handful seemed to feel enough confidence in him and his project to vote for the appropriation. After a discouraging struggle lasting till the third of March, 1843, Morse was at the Capitol watching the dying hours of the Congress, when his friends advised him that his cause was hopeless, and he returned to his hotel and went to bed.

Before breakfast the next morning he received a call from Miss Annie Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who brought him the news that after he had left the Capitol his appropriation had gone through, and the President had signed the bill just before midnight. To reward her as the bearer of glad tidings, Morse invited her to frame the first message to be sent to Baltimore. It took more than a year to

build the line and insure its successful operation; but on May 24, 1844, in the presence of a gathering which filled the court chamber, the inventor seated himself at the instrument, and Miss Ellsworth placed in his hand a phrase she had selected from the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Numbers: "What hath God wrought!" In less time than it takes to tell the facts, the operator in Baltimore had received the message and ticked it back without an error. In that hour of his triumph over skepticism and abuse, Morse could have asked almost anything of Congress without fear of repulse.

Not all the associations which cling about the Capitol are confined to politics or legislation, science or business. The old Hall of Representatives was, in the early days of the last century, long used for religious meetings on Sundays, the Speaker's desk being converted temporarily into a pulpit. One of the first preachers who held stated services there was a Swedenborgian. When the custom had become well established, most of the clergymen of the city consented to take the Sundays in a certain order of succession. Sir Augustus Foster, a secretary of the British Legation during Jefferson's administration, has left us his impressions of the meetings:

"A church service can certainly never be called an

amusement; but, from the variety of persons who were allowed to preach in the House of Representatives, there doubtless was some alloy of curiosity in the motives which led one to go there. Though the regular Chaplain was a Presbyterian, sometimes a Methodist, a minister of the Church of England, or a Quaker, sometimes even a woman, took the Speaker's chair, and I do not think there was much devotion among the majority. The New Englanders, generally speaking, are very religious; but though there are many exceptions, I cannot say so much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians."

Probably this comment on the worldly element entering into the meetings was called forth by their gradual degeneration into a social function. The hall came to be regarded as a pleasant Sunday gathering-place for friends who were able to see little of one another during the secular week. They clustered in knots around the open fireplaces, apparently quite as interested in the intervals afforded for a bit of gossip as in the sermon. The President was accustomed to attend from time to time; and possibly it was by his order that the Marine Band, nearly one hundred strong and attired in their brilliant red uniforms, were present in the gallery and played the hymn tunes, as well as some stirring march music. Their attendance was discontinued later, as

their performances attracted many common idlers to a hall already crowded almost to suffocation with ladies and gentlemen of fashion, and thus increased the confusion.

Partly as a result of this use of the hall, the habit of treating Sunday as a day for social festivities of all sorts reached a point where the strict Sabbatarians felt called to remonstrate. One, a clergyman named Breckenridge, preached a sermon denouncing the irreligious frivolities of the time, which created a great sensation. He addressed his remarks directly to Congress. "It is not the people," said he, "who will suffer for these enormities. It is the Government. As with Nineveh of old, your temples and your palaces will be burned to the ground, for it is by fire that this sin has usually been punished!" And he cited instance after instance from Bible history, showing how cities, dwellings, and persons had been burned for disrespect of divine law.

One day in the fall of 1814, after the British had left the city scarred with blackened ruins, Mr. Breckenridge was passing the Octagon house, when he was hailed by Dolly Madison from the doorway.

"When I listened to that threatening sermon of yours," she exclaimed, "I little thought that its warnings would be realized so soon."

"Oh, Madam," he answered, "I trust that the chastening of the Lord may not have been in vain!"

It was, however, as far as any permanent change in the habits of the people was concerned. There was a brief interval of greater sobriety due to the sad plight of the community; then Sunday amusements resumed their sway with as much vigor as of old.

Although to the eye of the casual visitor the Capitol seems so quiet and well-ordered a place that it practically takes care of itself, the truth is that it is continually under pretty rigid surveillance. It has a uniformed corps of special police, whose jurisdiction covers everything within the limits of Capitol Park; besides this, the Superintendent of the Capitol has general oversight of the building, and the officers of the House and Senate look after their respective wings. When Thomas B. Reed of Maine became Speaker, he found the House wing a squatting ground for a small army of petty merchants who had crept in one by one and established booths for the sale of sandwiches and pies, cigars, periodicals, picture cards, and souvenirs, obstructing the highways of communication between one part of the building and another. He proceeded to sweep them all out. There was loud wailing among the ousted, and some who could command a little political influence brought it to bear on him, but in

vain; and for more than twenty years thereafter the corridors remained free from these intruders. With the incoming of the Sixty-third Congress, however, discipline began to relax, and, unless the House acquires another Speaker with Mr. Reed's notions of propriety and the force of will to compel obedience, we shall probably see the hucksters camping once more on the old trail.

Outside of the building the rules are as well enforced as inside. When Coxey's Army of the Commonweal marched upon Washington in 1894, its leader advertised his intention to make a speech from the Capitol steps, calling upon Congress to provide work and wages for all the idle laborers in the country. Under the law, no harangue or oration may be delivered anywhere on the Capitol grounds without the express consent of the presiding officers of the two chambers of Congress. Remembering the way the lawmakers had been intimidated by a mob at Philadelphia in the early days of the republic, neither the Speaker nor the President of the Senate was willing that Coxey should carry out his plan; and the Capitol police, without violence or display of temper, made short work of the proposed mass meeting. On another occasion, the performers for a moving-picture show attempted to use the steps of the Capitol as a background for a scene in which a

man made up to resemble the President of the United States was to play an undignified part; the police pounced down upon the company, confiscating the apparatus and escorting the actors to the nearest station-house. A like fate befel an automobilist who, on a wager, tried to drive his machine up the steps of the main portico. Occasionally a bicycler, ambitious to descend this staircase at full speed, has proved too quick-witted for the officers, but as a rule they are at hand when needed.

Now that we are outside, let us look around. To the eastward lies the part of the city broadly designated as Capitol Hill. As far as the eye can reach, it is a beautiful, evenly graded plateau — an ideal residence region as far as natural topography, verdure, sunshine, and pure air are concerned. It is the part which George Washington and other promoters of the federal city picked out for its residential end, and the Capitol was built so as to face it. These circumstances made it a favorite locality for speculative investment, and the prices at which early purchasers of land held out against later comers sealed its fate: the tide of favor turned toward the opposite end of the city, and the development of the northwest quarter took a start which has never since halted. The first plans of Capitol Park included on its eastern side a pretty

enabling him to find his way about the older parts of Washington, as the Capitol dome. A spiral staircase, the doors to which open from obscure parts of two corridors, leads first to the inside circular balcony crowning the rotunda. This is worth a few minutes' delay to test its quality as a whispering gallery. The attendant in charge will show you how, and, if you can lure him into telling you some of the funny things he has seen and heard in his eyrie, you will be well repaid.

More climbing will bring you to an outside perch, which forms a sort of collar for the lantern surmounting the dome. Now open a plainly printed map of Washington and hold it so that the points of the compass on the map correspond with those of the city below you. With a five minutes' walk around the base of the lantern, to give you the view from every side, you will have mastered the whole scheme designed by L'Enfant. Here are the four quarters — northeast, southeast, southwest, northwest — as clearly spread before you on the surface of the earth as on the paper in your hand. Here is the Mall, with its grass and trees, leading up to the Washington Monument and abutting on the executive reservation where stand the White House, the Treasury, and the State, War and Navy Department buildings. Well out to the

northward you can descry a tower which fixes the site of the Soldiers' Home, and to the southward the Potomac, flowing past the War College and the Navy Yard. East of you loom up the hills of Anacostia. On all sides you see the lettered streets running east and west, intersected by the numbered streets running north and south, while, cutting both diagonally at various angles, but in pursuance of a systematic and easily grasped plan, are the avenues named in honor of the various States of the Union. Once let this chart fasten itself in your mind, and there is no reason why, total stranger though you may be, you should have any difficulty in finding your way about Washington.

*Capitol, from New Jersey Avenue*

## CHAPTER IV

### THESE OUR LAWMAKERS

THE House of Representatives, albeit presenting an average of conduct equal to that of any corresponding chamber in the world, is a rough-and-tumble body. It is apt to carry partisan antagonisms to extremes and wrangle over anything that comes up, with accusations and recriminations, and at rare intervals an exchange of blows. Repeatedly I have seen the Sergeant-at-Arms lift his mace and march down one aisle and up another, to compose disturbances which seemed to threaten a sequel of riot, while the Speaker pounded his desk in an effort to overcome the clamor of several members trying to talk at once. By laxity of discipline and force of custom, there is a degree of freedom here, in even a peaceful discussion, unknown to the Senate. Members will bring, to exemplify their statements in a tariff debate, samples of merchandise — a suit of clothes, a basket of fruit, a jar of sweetmeats, perhaps. One day a debater, discussing olive oil, accidentally

dropped a bottle of it on the floor, and several of his colleagues lost their footing in crossing the scene of the disaster. Another, who had a pocketful of matches designed for illustrative purposes, suddenly found his clothes ablaze and made a fiery bolt for a water-tank. Still another, inflamed by his own eloquence in trying to show how Congress ought to wring the life out of an odious monopoly, impetuously laid hands upon a small and inoffensive fellow member who happened to sit near and shook him till his teeth rattled, amid roars of delight from every one except the victim.

Usually, the Senate is as staid as the House is uproarious. All routine business is transacted there "by unanimous consent"; it is only when some really important issue arises that the Senators quarrel publicly. When a serious debate is on, there is no commotion: every Senator who wishes to speak sends his name to the presiding officer, or rises during a lull and announces his purpose of addressing the Senate on a specified day. The rest of the Senators respect his privilege, and, if he is a man of consequence, a goodly proportion of them will be in their seats to hear him. If a Senator is absent from the chamber when a matter arises which might concern him, some one is apt to suggest deferring its consideration till he can be pres-

ent. It is the same way with appointments to office which require confirmation by the Senate: a Senator objecting to a candidate nominated from his State can count upon abundant support from his fellow Senators, every one of whom realizes that it may be his turn next to need support in a similar contingency. This is what is called "Senatorial courtesy." So well is it understood that no unfair advantage will be taken of any one's absence, that the attendance in the chamber sometimes becomes very thin. An instance is often cited when the Vice-president, discovering only one person on the floor at the beginning of a day's session, rapped with his gavel and solemnly announced: "The Senator from Massachusetts will be in order!"

The strong contrast between the two chambers has existed ever since the creation of Congress. This is not wonderful when we reflect that the Senate was for a long time made up of men chosen by the State legislatures from a social class well removed from the masses of the people, and that they held office for a six-year term, thus lording it over the members of the House of Representatives, who, besides being drawn directly from the rank and file of the body politic, had to struggle for reëlection every two years. In the early days, the Senators were noted for their rich attire and their

great gravity of manner; whereas most of the Representatives persisted, while sitting in the House during the debates, in wearing their big cocked hats set "fore and aft" on their heads. Whether the Senate sat covered or bareheaded for the first few years of its existence, we have only indirect evidence, as it then kept its doors closed against everybody, even members of the House. Little by little a more liberal spirit asserted itself, until the doors were opened to the public for a certain part of every morning, with the proviso that they should be closed whenever the subjects of discussion seemed to require secrecy. By common consent, these subjects were limited to certain classes of business proposed by the President, like the ratification of treaties and the confirmation of appointments to office. Such matters remain confidential to this day, and the Senate holds itself ready to exclude spectators and go into secret session at any moment, on the request of a single Senator.

As a secret session is always supposed to be for the purpose of discussing a Presidential communication, the fiction is embalmed in the form of a motion "that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business." This is the signal for the doorkeepers to evict the occupants of the galleries and shut the doors leading into the corridors; but sometimes the real

reason for the request is widely removed from its pretext. I have known it to be offered for the purpose of cutting short the exhibition which a tipsy Senator was making of himself; or to prevent a tedious airing of grievances by a Senator who had quarreled with the President over the dispensation of patronage in his State; or to silence a Senator who, objecting to the negotiation of a certain treaty, kept referring to it in open debate while it was still pending under the seal of confidence. In this last instance, the offending Senator was so obstinate of purpose that the doors had to be closed and reopened several times in a single day.

On the face of things, there is no reason why the President should not attend any session of the Senate at which business of his originating is under debate. No President since the first, however, has made the experiment. Washington attended three secret sessions, but was so angered by the Senate's referring to a committee sundry questions which he insisted should be settled on the spot, that he quitted the chamber, emphatically vowing that he would waste no more time on such trifling. The Senators excused their conduct by saying that they were embarrassed in talking about the President and his motives while he was sitting there.

The custom of wearing their hats while transacting

business was continued by the Representatives for fifty years or more. Even the Speaker, as long as he sat in his chair, would keep his hat on, though he was accustomed to remove it when he stood to address the House. The Senators, whatever may have been their practice during the years of their seclusion, distinguished themselves from the Representatives immediately thereafter by sitting with bared heads. They also avoided the habit, common in the House, of putting their feet up on the nearest elevated object — usually a desk-lid — and lolling on their spines. English visitors, though accustomed to the wearing of hats in their own House of Commons, nevertheless found a text for criticism in the way the American Representatives did it; and they all had something severe to say of the prevalence of tobacco-chewing in the House, with its accompaniment of spitting, as Mrs. Trollope put it, "to an excess that decency forbids me to describe." Less offensive to the taste of our visitors from abroad was the indulgence in snuff-taking, which was so general that boxes or jars were set up in convenient places inside of both halls, and it was made the duty of certain employees to keep these always filled with a fine brand of snuff. Any of the most eloquent orators in Congress was liable to stop at regular intervals in a speech to help himself to a large

pinch, bury his face in a bandanna handkerchief, and have it out with nature. A few of the lawmakers, indeed, cultivated snuff-taking as a fine art, and were proud of their reputations for dexterity in it. Henry Clay was one of the most skilful.

While we are on the subject of indulgences, we must not overlook a drink called switchel, which was very popular, being compounded of rum, ginger, molasses, and water. Every member was allowed then, as now, in addition to his salary and traveling expenses, a fixed supply of "stationery"; and this term, which was elastic enough to include everything from pens and paper to jack-knives and razors, was stretched to cover the delectable switchel under the thin disguise of "sirup." In later years, when a wave of teetotalism had swept over Washington, and the open sale of alcoholic drinks in the restaurants of the Capitol was under a temporary ban, any member who wished a drink of whisky ordered it as "cold tea," and it was served to him in a china cup. This stratagem fell into marked discredit when one of the most respectable and abstemious members of the House, who had never tasted intoxicating liquor of any sort, ordered cold tea in entire good faith to clear his throat in the midst of a speech, and became maudlin before he was aware that anything was amiss.

Besides sprawling with their feet higher than their heads, and otherwise airing their contempt for conventional etiquette, many of the old-time Representatives felt free to read newspapers while debates were going on around them, indifferent to their disturbance of both orators and audience. The first pointed rebuke of this practice was administered by James K. Polk when Speaker of the House. He noticed one morning that substantially every Representative had a newspaper in hand when the gavel fell for beginning the day's session. The journal was read, but nobody paid any attention to it, and then the Speaker made his usual announcement that the House was ready for business. Still everybody remained buried in the morning's news. After another vain attempt to set the machinery in motion, Mr. Polk quietly drew a newspaper from his own pocket, seated himself with his back toward the House, spread the sheet open before him, and ostentatiously immersed himself in its printed contents. One by one the Representatives finished their reading, and perhaps a quarter of an hour passed before there came from all sides an irregular volley of calls: "Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!" Mr. Polk ignored them till one of the baffled members moved that the House proceed to the election of a presiding officer, to take the place of the Speaker, who appeared

to be absent. This brought Mr. Polk to his feet with the remark that he not only was present, but had notified the House that it was ready for business and had received no response. The House took the joke in good part and showed by its conduct thereafter that it was not above profiting by the Speaker's reproof.

Although women were admitted as spectators to the sessions of both chambers on the same terms as men, there was for many years an undercurrent of feeling against their encroachments. There was limited room in either hall for their accommodation behind the colonnade. In this space — the original "lobby" — there was an open fireplace at each end, and it soon became a common complaint among the Senators that the feminine guests drew the sofas up in front of the fire and thus effectually shut off the warmth from every one else. Aaron Burr, while Vice-president, was the first person in authority to take cognizance of this indictment. He notified the visiting women that after a certain date they must cease coming into the lobby and find seats in the gallery. They were appropriately indignant and declared an almost unanimous boycott against the Senate. Vice-president Clinton was of a different temper from his predecessor and let them all come back again. By degrees, however, as the privileges of the floor became more and more re-

stricted in both chambers, the women were given a special gallery for themselves.

From the time they began coming to Congress in any multitude, the fair visitors have made their presence felt. In the House one day John Randolph drew attention to them by halting a debate to point a long, skinny finger in their direction and snarl out: "Mr. Speaker, what, pray, are all these women doing here, so out of place in this arena? Sir, they had much better be at home attending to their knitting!" In spite of that, they continued to come and to attract attention, till the number of members who habitually quitted their seats to repair to the gallery and pay their devoirs to their lady friends threatened to play havoc with the roll-calls. This abuse did not last long, and nowadays the visit of a member of either house to the gallery is an incident.

So far from objecting to spectators, both House and Senate now offer distinct encouragement to the public to come and hear the debates. To this end, each chamber has a deep gallery completely surrounding it, with cross partitions at intervals. One section is reserved for the President and Cabinet and their families; another for the members of the diplomatic circle; a third for the members of the press, and so forth. Control of each press gallery is nominally

retained by the chamber concerned, but actually is left in the hands of a committee of newspaper men, who enforce an exemplary discipline, so that a writer guilty of misconduct would be excluded thenceforward from his privileges. On the other hand, the newspaper men have always stood firmly for their right to discuss the members and measures of Congress with all the freedom consonant with truth. It has required a long and sometimes dramatic struggle to bring about the present harmonious mutual understanding between Congress and the press as to the legitimate preserves of each body upon which the other must not trespass.

Some of the battles leading to this result are entertaining to recall. In the later forties, while members of the press were still permitted to do their work at desks on the floor of the House, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* named Robinson published an article about a certain Representative named Sawyer, whose unappetizing personal habits he thought it would be wise to break up. Among other things he described the way Sawyer ate his luncheon: "Every day at two o'clock he feeds. About that hour he is seen leaving his seat and taking a position in the window back of the Speaker's chair to the left. He unfolds a greasy paper, in which is contained a chunk of bread and sausage, or some other unctuous substance. He disposes

was this the end. For the correspondent went home, ran for Congress and was elected, while the wrathful Representative dropped into obscurity under the nickname, which he was never able to shake off, of "Sausage Sawyer."

Many newspaper publications have been made subjects of special investigation by committees of Congress, but in no instance has a threat of expulsion from the gallery or of prosecution in the courts produced any practical results; and the locking up of recusant committee witnesses has become a mere mockery. The most notable case on record was that of Hallet Kilbourn, a former journalist who had become a real estate broker and a leading participant in a local land syndicate which the House undertook to investigate. Kilbourn was commanded to produce certain account-books, as well as the names and addresses of sundry persons who, not being members of Congress, he insisted were outside the jurisdiction of that body. For his refusal to furnish the information demanded he was thrown into jail and kept there nearly six weeks. From the first, he had declared that he had no objection to opening his accounts to the whole world or to publishing the data desired, as all the transactions covered by the inquiry had been honorable; and this assertion he proved later by voluntarily printing

everything. But he was resolved to make a legal test of the right of Congress to arrogate to itself the arbitrary powers of a court of justice, and he got a good deal of enjoyment out of the experience.

For the whole period of his imprisonment he lived like a prince at the expense of the contingent fund of the House: drove about the city at will in a carriage, merely accompanied by a deputy sergeant-at-arms; and entertained his friends at dinner within the jail walls. Of course, the newspapers exploited the whole episode gladly, and when he had held his prosecutors up to popular ridicule long enough, he sued out a writ of habeas corpus and was released. Then he brought a suit for damages against the Sergeant-at-Arms for false imprisonment and won it on appeal after appeal, till the Supreme Court of the United States handed down a sweeping decision that "there is not found in the Constitution any general power vested in either house to punish for contempt." In spite of the efforts of all the judges in the lower courts to cut down the damages granted by their juries, Congress was finally obliged to pay Kilbourn twenty thousand dollars, or about five hundred dollars a day for his forty days' incarceration. It took him nine years to carry his case through all its stages.

Bail chambers open their daily sessions with

prayer. Clergymen of nearly all denominations have served as Chaplains, including Father Pise, a very eloquent Catholic priest who was a close friend of Henry Clay and was invited at his instance to lead the devotions of the Senate. As a rule, the prayers are extemporaneous, and it seems almost inevitable that, in periods of political upheaval, some color of partisanship should creep into them. Yet such slips have been very rare indeed. The most startling was made by the late Doctor Byron Sunderland, who was Chaplain of the Senate in 1862. He was the foremost Presbyterian minister in Washington and a strong anti-slavery advocate. One day Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, who was an accomplished biblical scholar, made a speech reviewing the references in the Hebrew scriptures to human servitude, as proof that slavery was of divine origin. Doctor Sunderland, having left the hall, did not hear the speech made, but was told about it when he arrived at the Capitol the next morning. He was nettled by the news, and, before he was fairly conscious of it, he caught himself saying something like this in his opening prayer: "Oh, Lord God of Nations, teach this Senate and all the people of this country that, if slavery is of divine institution, so is hell itself, and by Thy grace help us to abolish the one and escape the other!" These few words

caused a great sensation, and later in the day Mr. Saulsbury vented his indignation in a resolution to expel the offending clergyman from the chaplaincy; but some quick-witted Senator on the opposite side cut off debate by moving to adjourn, and the matter died there.

Every day's proceedings of Congress are published in a special journal called the *Record;* but it must not be too lightly assumed that every speech reported has been made in Congress. One of the rules of the House of Representatives permits a member, with the consent of the House, to be credited with having made remarks which, as a matter of fact, he has only reduced to writing and handed to the Clerk. That is what is meant by the "leave to print" privilege. Into the authorship of these speeches, or even of some that are delivered, it is not wise to probe too far. There are trained writers in Washington who earn a livelihood by digging out statistics and other data and composing addresses on various subjects for orators who are willing to pay for them, and Congressmen are among their customers. Once in a while something happens which casts a temporary shadow over this traffic. Several years ago, for example, two Representatives from Ohio were credited in the *Record* with the same speech. Inquiry developed the fact that it had been offered to one of them, who had refused either to pay the price

demanded for it or to give it back; so the author had sold a duplicate copy to the other. But worse yet was the plight of two members who delivered almost identical eulogies on a dead fellow member, having by accident copied their material from the same ancient volume of "Rules and Models for Public Speaking."

I have alluded to disorders which occasionally mar the course of legislation, when members hurl ugly names at each other or even exchange blows. While some such affrays have carried their high tension to the end and sent the combatants to the dueling field to settle accounts, others have taken a comical turn which decidedly relaxed the strain. Perhaps the most picturesque incident of this kind was the historic Keitt-Grow contest in February, 1858. The House had been engaged all night in a wrangle over an acute phase of the slavery question, and two o'clock in the morning found both the Northern and the Southern members with their nerves on edge. Mr. Keitt of South Carolina, objecting to something said by Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania, struck at him, but Grow parried the blow, and a fellow member who sprang to his assistance knocked Keitt down. From all sides came reënforcements, and in a few minutes what started as a personal encounter of minor importance developed into a general free fight.

Potter of Wisconsin, a man of athletic build, whirled his fists right and left, doing tremendous execution. Owen Lovejoy, seeing Lamar of Mississippi striding toward a confused group, ran at him with arms extended, resolved on pushing him back, while Lamar as vigorously resisted the obstruction. Covode of Pennsylvania, fearing lest his friend Grow might be overpowered by hostile numbers, picked up a big stoneware spittoon and hurried forward, holding his improvised projectile poised to hurl at the head where it would do most good; but having no immediate need to use it, he set it on top of a convenient desk. Everybody was too excited to pay any attention to the loud pounding of the Speaker's gavel, or to the advance of the Sergeant-at-Arms with his mace held aloft. Even the unemotional John Sherman and his gray-haired Quaker colleague Mott could not keep out of the fray entirely.

But Elihu Washburne of Illinois and his brother Cadwallader of Wisconsin proved by all odds the heroes of the occasion. They were of modest stature, but sturdy and full of energy. Elihu tackled Craig of North Carolina, who was tall and had long arms, which he swung about him with a flail-like motion; and it would have gone hard with the smaller man had he not suddenly lowered his head and used it as

a battering-ram, aiming at the unprotected waist-line of his antagonist and doubling him up with one irresistible rush. Just then Cadwallader, seeing Barksdale of Mississippi about to strike Elihu, ran toward him; but being unable to penetrate the crowd, he leaped forward and reached over the heads of the intervening men to seize the Mississippian by the hair. Here came the culmination; for Barksdale's ambrosial locks, which were only a lifelike wig worn to cover a pate as smooth as a soap-bubble, came off in his assailant's hand. The astonishment of the one man and the consternation of the other were too much for the fighters, who, in spite of themselves, united in wild peals of merriment; and their hilarity was in no wise dampened when Barksdale, snatching at his wig, restored it to his head hind side before, or when Covode, returning to his seat and missing his spittoon, marched solemnly down the aisle and recovered it from its temporary perch.

This scene occurred in the old Hall of Representatives. The most dramatic scene ever witnessed in the present hall was one which attended the opening of the Fifty-first Congress, when the Republicans, who had only an infinitesimal majority, had organized the House with Thomas B. Reed as Speaker. Reed, who was a large, blond man with a Shakespearian head

and a high-pitched drawl, signalized his entrance upon his new duties by announcing his purpose to preside over a lawmaking rather than a do-nothing body. For several successive Congresses the House had found itself crippled in its attempts to transact business by the dilatory tactics of whichever party happened to be in the minority. Day after day, even in a congested season, would be wasted in roll-calls necessitated by some one's raising the point of "no quorum," although everybody knew that a quorum was present, and that its apparent absence was deliberately caused by the refusal of members of the opposition to answer to their names. Reed had bent his mind to breaking up this practice.

Early in his Speakership a motion to take up a contested election case was put to vote, and a roll-call demanded as usual by the minority. As the House was then constituted, one hundred and sixty-six members were necessary to a quorum, and four Republicans were unavoidably absent. Following the old tactics, nearly all the Democrats abstained from voting; but, as the call proceeded, Reed was observed making notes on a sheet of paper which lay on his table. At the close, he rose and announced the vote: yeas 162, nays 3, not voting 163. Mr. Crisp of Georgia at once raised the point of no quorum. Reed

ignored it, and, lifting his memorandum, began, in measured tones and with no trace of excitement or weakness:

"The Chair directs the Clerk to record the following names of members present and refusing to vote —"

And then Bedlam broke loose. The Republicans applauded, and howls and yells arose from the Democratic side. Above the din could be heard the voice of Crisp: "I appeal from the decision of the Chair!" But the Speaker, not having finished his statement, kept right on, oblivious of the turmoil:

"Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Bland, Mr. Blount, Mr. Breckinridge of Arkansas, Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky —"

The Democrats generally had seemed stunned by the boldness of this move; but the Kentucky Breckinridge, at the mention of his name, rushed down the aisle, brandishing his fist and shaking his head so that its straight white hair stood out from it. His face was aflame with anger, and his voice quite beyond his control, as he shrieked: "I deny the power of the Speaker — this is revolutionary!" The other Democrats, inspired by his example and recovering from their stupefaction, poured into the center aisle. They bore down in a mass upon the Speaker's dais, gesticulating wildly and all shouting at once, so that nothing

could be understood from the babel of voices save their desire to express their scorn for the Speaker and their defiance of his authority. The Republicans sat quiet, making no demonstration, but obviously prepared to rush in if the trouble took on a more violent form. The Speaker stood apparently unruffled, not even changing color, and only those who were near enough to see every line in his face were aware of that slight twitching of the muscles of his mouth which always indicated that his outward composure was not due to insensibility.

So furious was the clamor that he was compelled to desist from his reading for a moment, while he pounded with his gavel to command order on the floor. Then, as the remonstrants fell back a little, his nasal tone was heard again, still reciting that momentous list:

"Mr. Brookshire, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Bynum, Mr. Carlisle — "

And so on down the roll, one member after another jumping up when he heard his name called, but subsiding as the Speaker went imperturbably ahead, much as might a schoolmaster with a roomful of refractory pupils. Presently came the opportunity he had been waiting for. Mr. McCreary of Kentucky, a very dignified, decorous-mannered gentleman on

ordinary occasions, had shown by his change of countenance and color that he was repressing his emotions with difficulty; and, resolved not to be ridden over ruthlessly as the rest had been, he had risen in his place and stood there, holding before him an open book and waiting to hear his name. The instant it was read out, he raised his disengaged hand and shouted: "Mr. Speaker!"

To every one's astonishment, the Speaker paused, turning a look of inquiry toward the interrupter, while the House held its breath.

"I deny," cried Mr. McCreary, in a voice which, in spite of his endeavor to be calm, was trembling with agitation, "your right to count me as present; and I desire to cite some parliamentary law in support of my point!"

Reed, wearing an air of entire seriousness, answered with his familiar drawl:

"The Chair is making a statement of fact that the gentleman is present." Then, with a significant emphasis on each word: "Does — the — gentleman — deny — it?"

The silence which had settled momentarily upon the chamber continued for a few seconds more, to be succeeded by an outburst of laughter which fairly shook the ceiling. The Republican side furnished most

of it at first, but those Democrats who possessed a keen sense of humor soon gave way also. The Speaker, still grave as a statue, maintained the expectant attitude of one awaiting the reply to a question. McCreary held his ground for a few minutes, striving to make himself heard in reading a passage from his book, while the gavel beat a tattoo on the desk as if the Speaker were trying to aid him by restoring order; but he was talking against a torrent, and had to realize his defeat and resume his seat.

When the last name on the written list had been read, the Speaker handed the sheet to the Clerk for incorporation in the minutes, and, as coolly as if nothing had happened, proceeded to set forth briefly the precedents covering the case, including one ruling made by a very distinguished Democrat who was at that hour the most conspicuous candidate of his party for the Presidency.

The fight was resumed the next day and continued to rage all through the session, the foes of the Speaker constantly devising new stratagems to outwit him, but in vain. Sometimes there were funny little developments, as when, in a precipitate flight of the Democrats from the hall to escape being counted, Mr. O'Ferrall of Virginia inadvertently left his hat on his desk, and the Speaker jocosely threatened to count

*Lee Mansion at Arlington*

that, on the theory that its habitual wearer was constructively present; or when "Buck" Kilgore, a giant Democrat from Texas, refused to stay in the hall after the Speaker had ordered the doors fastened, and kicked one of them open with his Number 14 boot. Sometimes a tragic threat would be uttered by a group of hot-headed enemies, and the galleries would be thronged for several days with spectators expecting to see Reed dragged out of the chair by force and arms. But, though every day witnessed its parliamentary struggle, the bad blood aroused was never actually spilled. What did happen was that, at the close of the Congress, when it is customary for the opposition party to move a vote of thanks to the Speaker, Reed went without the compliment. Something far more flattering than thanks was in store for him, however; for in the Fifty-third Congress, the House, which was then under Democratic control, by a vote of nearly five to one adopted his quorum-counting rule with only a technical modification. Since that day it has never found itself in a condition of legislative paralysis.

The communications in which the President, as required by the Constitution, gives to Congress from time to time "information of the state of the Union," take the form of general and special messages. A general message is sent at the beginning of every ses-

sion and usually reviews the relations of our Government with its citizens and with the outside world. A special message is called forth by some particular event or series of events requiring a union of counsels between the legislative and executive branches of the Government.

The formalities attending the presentation of general messages have differed at various stages of our national history. John Adams, for example, brought his in person to the Capitol. A military and civic procession escorted him from his house to the Senate chamber, where the Senators and Representatives were assembled in joint session. He was attired with more elegance than was his wont and was accompanied by the members of his Cabinet, the United States Marshal acting as usher; the Vice-president surrendered to him the chair of honor and took a seat at his right while he read his address aloud. In those days, each house appointed a committee to consider the address of the President and to draft a reply to it, when the reply was ready, a committee waited upon him to inquire at what time it would be agreeable for him to receive it, and on the day appointed, the members called upon him in a body to present it.

The message ceremonial was considerably short-

ened during the administration of President Jefferson, who scandalized some of the sticklers for propriety by reading his first address to Congress clad in a plain blue coat with gilt buttons, blue breeches, woolen stockings, and heavy shoes tied with leather strings. This democratic departure was typical of the way a good many old customs died out. We find most of the later Presidents, till the spring of 1913, rather studiously avoiding the Capitol, meeting Congress seldom outside of the White House, and confining their official communications to written messages presented in duplicate at the doors of the two halls respectively by the hand of an executive clerk. The response of each house, if any is deemed worth while, now takes the form of the introduction of legislation on lines suggested by the President. But the common practice is to cut a message into parts, referring the passages which deal with one class of subjects to one committee, and those which deal with another class to another committee; and in most cases, unless an emergency arises to make further consideration essential, little more is heard of them.

President Wilson has revived the custom of visiting Congress in its own home and there delivering his addresses directly to the lawmakers in a body, assembled for the occasion in the Hall of Representatives.

This is a much more effective mode of approaching Congress than sending a written document by messenger, to be drawled through in a singsong voice by tired clerks, simultaneously in both halls, to a gathering of only half-interested auditors. It is also a more certain means of concentrating public attention upon the work of the session. There is a subtle something in the very personality of a President which appeals to the popular imagination. As the one high officer of state elected by the votes of all the people, he stands in their minds as a conservator and champion of their broadest ideals, as contrasted with the narrower sectional interests represented by the members of Congress. When, therefore, he takes his position face to face with the men who are to frame whatever legislation grows out of his recommendations, the whole country instinctively draws near and listens.

It is hard to guess what might happen should it fall to the lot of President Wilson to appear before Congress in person with such a trumpet-call as was sounded in President Harrison's message on the maltreatment of our sailors in Chile, or President Cleveland's on the encroachments of England in Venezuela, or President McKinley's on the failure of his peaceful efforts for freeing Cuba. If the mere reading of these formal messages was so impressive as to paint a vivid

picture of the attendant scenes on the memory of all who witnessed them, what an extra touch of the dramatic would have been added had the chief executive of the nation appeared at the Capitol to tell his story himself!

## CHAPTER V

### "THE OTHER END OF THE AVENUE"

ALTHOUGH Pennsylvania Avenue is several miles long, the mile that lies between the hill on which Congress sits and the slope where the President lives is called in local parlance "the Avenue." Outside of their formal speeches and documentary literature, members of Congress are wont to refer to the White House and its surroundings as "the other end of the Avenue." This familiar phrase is, like the popular designation of Congress as "the gentlemen on the hill," a survival from the period when only one hill in town was officially occupied, and the strip of highway connecting it with the group of buildings used by the executive branch of the Government was about the only thoroughfare making any serious pretensions to street improvement. It was along this line that President Jefferson planted the first shade trees; and L'Enfant's plan made the south side of it the northern boundary of the Mall.

The title which for almost a hundred years the Ameri-

can people have given to the headquarters of their chief public servant is a fine example of historic accident. The White House was not originally intended to be a white house. It was built of a buff sandstone which proved to be so affected by exposure to the weather that as an afterthought it was covered with a thick coat of white paint. From its nearness to several red brick buildings, many persons fell into the way of distinguishing it by its color, and after its repainting to conceal the stains of the fire of 1814 this practice became general. Presidents have referred to it in their messages variously as the President's House, the Executive Mansion, and the White House. Among the people it was also sometimes known, in the early days, as the Palace. The Roosevelt administration made the White House both the official and the social designation, and fastened the label so tight that there is little reason to expect a change by any successor.

The White House was born under the eye of Martha Washington, was nursed into healthy babyhood by Abigail Adams, received its baptism of fire under Dolly Madison, was popularly christened under Eliza Kortright Monroe, and passed through numberless vicissitudes under a line of foster-mothers stretching from that time to the end of the century, every one carrying it a little further away from its original plan;

then Edith Kermit Roosevelt administered a restorative elixir which started it upon a second youth. The evolution of the Capitol, described in an earlier chapter, finds a parallel in the architectural genesis of this building. Its drawings were made and its construction superintended by James Hoban, an Irishman; but a distinguished critic has described it as "designed on classic lines, modified by an English hand, at a time when French art furnished the world's models in interior detail." That accounts, of course, for its monumental and palatial features.

But we must bear in mind that its sponsors intended it not only as an official residence for the executive head of the Government, but as a home for the foremost American citizen and his family, and that, in the esthetics of domestic architecture, local influences were most potent. All the Presidents except one, for the first thirty-six years of the republic's existence, were Virginia gentlemen; so, although broadly following in treatment the Viceregal Lodge in Dublin, the President's House took on much of the character of the "great house" on a Virginia plantation. This will explain why, in their work of restoration, when the architects were confronted by some gap in their plans which could not be filled by reference to the early records of the house itself, they drew upon the

material common to the Virginia mansions of the same period.

By no means the least notable of their revivals was the recognition of the proper front of the building. For a half-century, and perhaps longer, its back door had been used as its main entrance, and most visitors had borne away the impression that that was the face its designer had intended it to present to the world. Nearly all the authoritative pictures helped to confirm this notion, by displaying the north side as confidently as the photographers in Venice take San Marco from the Piazza. The confusion of front and rear came about with other changes wrought by the increase of facilities for land transportation. The rural and suburban architecture of a century ago took great note of watercourses; for in those days wheeled vehicles were rarer than now and vastly less comfortable, the saddle was unsociable, and most travel was by river and canal. Hence the finest houses were built, when practicable, where they would not only command a pleasing view, but present their most picturesque aspect to the passing boats. Doubtless the site of the White House was chosen with reference to the bend which the Potomac made opposite the center of the building, thus opening a view down to Alexandria and beyond. The river was broader then, and probably washed the

outer edge of what was intended to be preserved forever as the President's Park.

With the growing preference for land approaches, a good many Southern houses of the colonial type altered their habits, the White House among them; the side which faced the street offered the easier entrance, and thus the back door gradually usurped the dignities of the front, and accordingly the grounds on that side were laid out with lawns, trees, and shrubbery. Its outlook, also, is upon Lafayette Park, which, if sundry plans are carried through, will one day be faced on three sides with stately buildings, housing those executive Departments with which the President has to keep in closest touch.

Though President Washington was never to occupy the White House, or even to see it after it was nearly enough finished for occupancy, he took the greatest interest in watching it go up, and, only a few weeks before his death, went all over it with Mrs. Washington, thoroughly inspecting every part then accessible. He had borne a share in the Masonic ceremony of laying its corner-stone, and by his personal influence had induced the State of Virginia to advance a large sum of money at one particularly critical stage of the building operations; so the old mansion may boast of having some honored association with every Presi-

dent from the foundation of our Government till now.

When John and Abigail Adams moved in, the scantiness of fuel and lights, and the necessity for devoting the east room to the humblest of domestic uses and converting an upstairs chamber into a salon, were not the only shortcomings in their environment. Surface drainage water from a considerable bit of high ground to the eastward had formed a turbid little creek which almost surrounded the mansion. There was no water fit to drink and of sufficient quantity to meet the daily needs of the President's family, short of a spring in an open tract which we now know as Franklin Square, about half a mile away, whence it was brought down in crude pipes. Beds of growing vegetables filled parts of the garden area where to-day we find well-kept lawns and ornamental shrubbery. The only way of reaching the south door from Pennsylvania Avenue was by a narrow footpath, on which the pedestrian took a variety of chances after dark. The streets surrounding the President's grounds were so deep in slush or mud for a large part of the year that, in order to keep their clothing fairly presentable, visitors were obliged to come in closed coaches; and when the Adamses gave their first New Year's reception, their guests, though so few that the oval room in

the second story accommodated them, could not obtain in Washington enough suitable vehicles, and had to draw upon the livery stables in Baltimore.

Adams was a well-bred and well-read man, reared in the best traditions of New England, including the sanctity of a pledge; and, having promised his friend and predecessor, Washington, to do what he could toward building up a capital in fact as well as in name, he pocketed his petty discomforts and made the best of things. Among his other efforts to promote the popularity of the new city must be counted several dinners of exceptional excellence, at which Mrs. Adams presided with distinguished graciousness in a costume that, though it would strike us now as rather prim, was in keeping with her age and antecedents. The President, who was a rotund, florid man of middle height, appeared at these entertainments in a richly embroidered coat, silk stockings, shoes with huge silver buckles, and a powdered wig. These were concessions to the general demand for elegance of attire on the part of the chief magistrate, following the precedent established by Washington. They did not at all reflect Mr. Adams's preferences, for he was one of the plainest of men in his tastes, and his ordinary course of domestic life in the President's House was to the last degree unpretentious; his luncheon, for example,

*Old Carlyle Mansion, Alexandria*

consisted usually of oatcake and lemonade, and one of his amusements was to play horse with a little grandchild, who used to drive him up and down the somber corridors with a switch.

Albeit Adams and Jefferson became, late in life, the warmest of friends, no love was lost between them during the period when both were active in politics. Adams, who would have been gratified to receive, like Washington, a second term, was not disposed to "enact the captive chief in the procession of the victor," so he did not stay to see Jefferson inaugurated, but at daylight of the fourth of March, 1801, left Washington for Boston. There was no need for such haste to escape, for Jefferson, as the high priest of democratic simplicity, had no procession; though the cheerful little fiction about his riding down Pennsylvania Avenue alone, and hitching his horse to a sapling in front of the Capitol while he went in to be sworn, received its death-blow long ago. The truth is, he had no use for a horse. He was boarding in New Jersey Avenue, where he had lived for the latter part of his term as Vice-president. A few minutes before noon on inauguration day he set out on foot, in company with several Congressmen who were his fellow boarders, and walked the block or so to the Capitol, where he was escorted by a committee to the Senate chamber and

there took the oath of office and delivered his address. Then he walked back again to his boarding-house, and at dinner occupied his customary seat at the foot of the table. A visitor from Baltimore complimented him on his address and "wished him joy" as President. "I should advise you," was his smiling response, "to follow my example on nuptial occasions, when I always tell the bridegroom that I will wait till the end of the year before offering my congratulations."

The accommodations in the President's House were somewhat better by the time Mr. Jefferson moved in than they were when the Adams family opened it, yet he seems to have been more or less cramped during most of his two terms — owing, doubtless, to the continued presence of mechanics and building materials in the incomplete parts of the house. When the British Minister called in court costume to present his credentials, he was received, with his convoy the Secretary of State, in a space so narrow that he had to back out of one end of it to make room for the President to enter at the other. One of the legation described Jefferson as "a tall man, with a very red, freckled face and gray, neglected hair; his manners were good natured and rather friendly, though he had somewhat of a cynical expression of countenance. He wore a blue coat, a thick, gray-colored hairy waistcoat

with a red under-waistcoat lapped over it, green velveteen breeches with pearl buttons, yarn stockings with slippers down at the heels, his appearance being very much like that of a tall, raw-boned farmer." On the other hand, an admiring contemporary insists that his dress was "plain, unstudied and sometimes old-fashioned in its form," but "always of the finest materials," and that "in his personal habits he was fastidious and neat." So there you are!

A social being Jefferson certainly was. He liked company, and his former residence in France had cultivated his taste for the good things of the table, including light wines and olives. He once said that he considered olives the most precious gift of heaven to man, and he had them on his table whenever he could get them. He was also fond of figs and mulberries, and his household records bristle with purchases of crabs, pineapples, oysters, venison, partridges, and oranges — a pretty fair list for a man devoted to plain living. One of his hobbies as a host at very small and confidential dinners was to insure to his guests the utmost privacy, so he devised a scheme for dispensing as far as practicable with the presence of servants and avoiding the needless opening and closing of doors. Beside every chair was placed a small "dumb-waiter" containing all the desirable accessories, like fresh plates

and knives and forks and finger-bowls; while in a partition wall was hung a bank of circular shelves, so pivoted as to reverse itself at the pressure of a spring, the fresh viands entering the dining-room as the emptied platters swung around into the pantry. The company at table rarely exceeded four when this machinery was called into play. At big state dinners the usual array of servants did the waiting.

The first great reception in Jefferson's administration occurred on the fourth of July next following his inauguration. For some reason, possibly because the novelty of his sweeping invitation prevented its being generally understood by the populace, only about one hundred persons presented themselves. A luncheon was served, in the midst of which the Marine Band entered, playing the "President's March," or, as we call it, "Hail Columbia." The company fell in behind and joined in a grand promenade, with many evolutions, through the rooms and corridors of the ground floor, returning at last to the place whence they had started and resuming their feast of good things.

As he was a widower when he succeeded Adams at the head of the Government, and it was not feasible, most of the time, for either of his daughters to preside over his public hospitalities, Jefferson naturally turned for aid to Mrs. James Madison, wife of his Secretary of

State. He despised empty precedent; and when, at a diplomatic dinner, he led the way to the dining-room with Mrs. Madison instead of offering his arm to Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister and dean of the corps, he defied all the old-world canons. Mrs. Merry withdrew in high dudgeon, and her husband made the incident the subject of a communication to the Foreign Office in London.

Dolly Madison's fondness for society counterbalanced the indifference of her husband — a little, apple-faced man with a large brain and pleasant manners but no presence, of whom every one spoke by his nickname, "Jemmy." She is described as a "fine, portly, buxom dame" with plenty of brisk small-talk. She knew little of books, but made a point of having one in her hand when she received guests who were given to literature; and she would have peeped enough into it to enable her to open conversation with a reference to something she had found there. One of the celebrities she entertained was Humboldt, the scientist, concerning whom she wrote: "We have lately had a great treat in the company of a charming Prussian baron. All the ladies say they are in love with him. He is the most polite, modest, well-informed, and interesting traveler we have ever met, and is much pleased with America." Another was Tom Moore, who, though

embalming in verse some of the spiteful spirit he had absorbed from the Merrys, in later years recanted these utterances.

As she was praised everywhere for the beauty of her complexion, it is disconcerting to learn from a candid biographer that Mrs. Madison was wont to heighten her color by external applications, and now and then, through an accident of the toilet, gave to her nose a rosy flush that was meant for her cheeks. We are told also that she was addicted to the fashionable snuff habit and kept always at hand a dainty little box made of platinum and lava, filled with her favorite brand of "Scotch," which she would freely use at social gatherings and then pass around the circle of diplomatists who assiduously danced attendance upon her. This indulgence accounted for her carrying everywhere two handkerchiefs: one a bandanna tucked away in her sleeve, whence she could draw it promptly for what she called "rough work," and the other a spider-web creation of lawn and lace, which she styled her "polisher" and wore pinned to her side.

Besides the British Minister with his standing grievance, which he advertised by never bringing Mrs. Merry to the President's House after the fateful dinner, we read of two other foreign envoys who used to

appear there spouseless. One was Sidi Mellanelli, who, Dr. Samuel Mitchill tells us, "came from Tunis to settle some differences between that regency and our Government. He is to all appearance upward of fifty years old; wears his beard and shaves his head after the manner of his country, and wears a turban instead of a hat. His dress consists simply of a short jacket, large, loose drawers, stockings, and slippers. When he goes abroad he throws a large hooded cloak over these garments; it is of a peculiar cut and is called a bernous. The colors of his drawers and bernous are commonly red. He seldom walks, but almost always appears on horseback. He is a rigid Mohammedan; he fasts, prays, and observes the precepts of the Koran. He talks much with the ladies, says he often thinks about his consort in Africa, and wonders how Congressmen can live a whole session without their wives."

The other unaccompanied diplomat was the French Minister, General Turreau, a man of humble birth who had risen to some eminence during the recent revolution in his country. Having once been imprisoned, he improved the opportunity to make love to his jailer's daughter and marry her; but he appears to have tired of his bargain, and it was no secret that they led a most inharmonious life. According to Sir Augustus Foster, he was in the habit of horsewhipping

her to the accompaniment of a violoncello played by his secretary to drown her cries, and the scandalized neighbors had finally to interfere. Doctor Mitchill's version of the affair is that the Minister tried to send his wife back to France, and that, when she refused to leave and raised an outcry, a mob gathered at their house and enabled her to escape and go to live in peaceful poverty in Georgetown. The Doctor has little to say of Turreau's ability, but dwells impressively on "the uncommon size and extent of his whiskers, which cover the greater part of his cheeks," and on the profusion of lace with which his full-dress coat was decorated.

Jerome Bonaparte, a younger brother of the first Napoleon, passed a good deal of time in Washington during the Jefferson administration and was one of the lions at the parties in the President's House. Meeting Miss Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, he succumbed to her attractions and lost no time in suing for her hand. Her father was a bank president and one of the richest men in the United States, and the family, whose social position was unexceptionable, were far from having their heads turned by the proposed match, possibly feeling some misgivings as to future complications; but the young people would listen to no argument and were married. Mr. Jeffer-

son wrote at once to the American Minister at Paris, telling him to lay all the facts before the First Consul and to make it plain that in the United States any marriage was lawful which had been voluntarily entered into by two single parties of full age. Nevertheless, the great Napoleon did not hesitate to treat the marriage as void, and Jerome lacked manliness to defy his brother and fight the matter out; but Mrs. Bonaparte, having spunk enough for two, stood up firmly for her rights as a wife to the end of her days, and commanded recognition for them everywhere outside of the imperial court.

A friend of Jefferson's who came to Washington during his administration, and whose advent created not a little stir, was a man about seventy years of age, described as having "a red and rugged face which looks as if he had been much hackneyed in the service of the world," eyes "black and lively," a nose "somewhat aquiline and pointing downward" which "corresponds in color with the fiery appearance of his cheeks," and a marked fondness for talk and anecdote. This was none other than Tom Paine, patriot, poet, political pamphleteer, and infidel. He was favorably remembered all over the United States for his writings in behalf of human rights, and for the leaflets and songs which had cheered the hearts of the Continental sol-

diers at the most discouraging pass in our War for Independence. After the Revolution, he had gone abroad as an apostle of popular liberty, and, though outlawed in England, had been permitted to cross to France to take his seat as a deputy in the proletariat National Assembly. There, among other acts which won him commendation, he raised his voice and cast his vote against the resolution which sent Louis XVI to the guillotine.

Appreciating his services to this country and also strongly sympathizing with the French type of democracy, Jefferson had invited Paine to come back to his native land in a United States war-ship; and the Federalist newspapers seized their chance to make partisan capital by parading Paine's religious heterodoxy and charging Jefferson with having brought him home to undermine the morals of our people. Jefferson had considerable difficulty in counteracting the effects of the accusation, for his own opinions had been for a good while under fire, and it was not a day of nice distinctions. Probably in this more tolerant age a man like Paine would be given due credit for his practical benevolence even when mixed with a hatred of ecclesiasticism, and Jefferson would find himself not out of place in the Unitarian fold.

When Jefferson was not occupied with affairs of state

or entertaining visitors, he was fond of sitting in what he called his "cabinet" — a room which he had fitted up to suit his own fancy. The rest of the house was rather unhomelike. The east room was still unfinished, and through the others were strewn articles of furniture which, though good in their way, were not especially suggestive of comfort; many of them were relics of the Washington régime, brought from Philadelphia. But in the cabinet stood a long table with drawers on each side, filled with things dear to their owner's heart. One contained books with inscriptions from their authors; another, letters and manuscripts; a third, a set of carpenter's tools for his amusement on rainy days; a fourth, some small gardening implements, and so on. Around the walls were maps, charts, and shelves laden with standard literature. Flowers and potted plants were everywhere, and in the midst of a bower of these hung the cage of his pet mocking-bird; but the door of the cage was rarely shut when the President was in the room, for he loved to have the bird fly about freely, perch on his shoulder, and take its food from his lips.

As may be guessed, the sponsor for this greenery was fond of all growing things. Jefferson was often seen walking about the embryo city, watching the workmen digging or building, but manifesting a special

interest in tree-planting and ornamental gardening. He tried to induce Congress to vote enough money to beautify the grounds around the President's House, but in vain; the most he could do was to enclose the yard with a common stone wall and seed it down to grass. Among the plans he prepared but was obliged to abandon was the adornment of these grounds exclusively with trees, shrubs, and flowers indigenous to American soil. He must be credited with the first attempt ever made in Washington to establish a zoölogical park; Lewis and Clarke, the explorers, brought him from the West a few grizzly bears, for which he built a pen in the yard. He also made the first move to furnish Pennsylvania Avenue with shade trees. His preference was for willow-oaks; but he started four rows of Lombardy poplars to take advantage of their rapid growth till the slower oaks matured. One of his hobbies was to improve the market gardening of the neighborhood by distributing new varieties of vegetable seeds obtained through the American consuls in foreign countries, and instructing his steward always to buy the best home-grown table delicacies at the highest retail prices.

At Madison's inauguration in 1809, Jefferson not only did not imitate the ungraciousness of Adams eight years before, but went to the opposite extreme, declin-

*Washington's Pew in Christ Church, Alexandria*

ing Madison's invitation to drive to the Capitol in the Presidential coach lest he might divide the honors which he felt belonged exclusively to the President-elect. Madison had what was then deemed a wonderful procession of military and civic organizations, and turned the occasion into the first "made-in-America" gala day, wearing himself a complete suit of clothing made by an American tailor, of cloth woven on American looms from the wool of American sheep. Jefferson, clad in one like it, modestly waited till the procession had passed and then rode to the Capitol alone, not even a servant following to care for his horse. On entering the Hall of Representatives, he declined the chair reserved for him near Madison's but joined the ordinary spectators, saying: "To-day I return to the people, and my proper seat is among them." At the close of the ceremony, he mounted his horse again and rode up the Avenue unattended, till George Custis, also mounted, joined him, and they went together to the Madisons' house.

Here a crowd of friends had gathered to welcome in the new administration. Mr. Madison's emotions had been a good deal stirred by what had passed at the Capitol, but his manner was affable. His wife was all herself as usual. She was attired in a plain cambric dress with a very long train, and a bonnet of

purple velvet and white satin, adorned with white plumes. Jefferson seems to have been, for such time as he stayed, quite as much the lion of the occasion as his successor. Presently he slipped quietly away and went over to the President's House, where the empty halls echoed to his footsteps; for he had given all the servants a holiday so that they could see the show. But he did not remain long alone; the news spread among his old friends that he had gone back to bid his home of eight years farewell, and they followed him after a little. In the evening he went to the inaugural ball — the first ever held, and the only ball of any sort he had attended since his return from France.

From all accounts it was not a highly enjoyable affair. The room was so crowded that it was difficult to elbow one's way across it; nobody could see what was going on without standing on a chair; the air became stifling, and when an attempt was made to freshen it by letting down the upper sashes of the windows, they would not move, so nothing was left but to smash the glass. Mrs. Madison was almost crushed to death; Madison was so tired that he confessed to a friend that he wished he were abed; and as soon as supper was over, the Presidential party withdrew. The younger set stayed and danced till mid-

night, when, at the stroke, the music ceased and the attendants began to put out the lights.

The social success achieved by Dolly Madison as official hostess through so large a part of Jefferson's administration did not wane when, with the rise of her husband to the head of the Government, she came into her own by right instead of by courtesy. Her first term as mistress of the President's House was a continuous blaze of gayety, in which we catch fleeting glimpses of her in a variety of toilets, the most truly typical being a buff velvet gown with pearl ornaments and a Paris turban topped with a bird-of-paradise plume. Then came the second war with Great Britain and the wrecking of the city.

When the British approached Bladensburg, and the improvised home-guard of Washington went out to engage them in battle, Mr. Madison permitted his military advisers to persuade him that, after seeing the stiffness of the American resistance, the British would withdraw. His wife caught the infection of confidence, and together they planned to celebrate the victory by a dinner to the officers on the evening after the battle. The table was spread by three in the afternoon, when Mrs. Madison, who had been listening with composure to the distant boom of cannon, was dismayed to see a lot of demoralized American soldiers running in from

the north by twos and threes. Her sudden fears were confirmed when one of her colored servants galloped up to the door, shouting: "Clear out! Clear out! General Armstrong has ordered a retreat!" Then a few friends came over to insist on her seeking safety in flight. They helped her to fill a wagon with such valuables as were not too heavy; but she provoked their indignation by waiting till the oil portrait of General Washington attributed to Stuart, which hangs in the White House to-day, could be cut out of its frame and "placed in the hands of two gentlemen from New York for safe keeping."

We have already seen how the Capitol and other public buildings were burned. A particularly vicious scheme was worked out to assure the destruction of the President's House, because of Mr. Madison's personal share in the dispute which led to the war. Indeed, it was the hope of the invaders to find him and his wife at home and take them captive, so as to humiliate the American Government and people and thus impress a lesson for the future. By way of a reconnoiter, Admiral Cockburn went to the mansion and looked through it, taking with him as a hostage a young gentleman of the city, named Weightman. In the dining-room they found everything prepared for the dinner of triumph, and Cockburn ordered his compan-

ion to sit down with him and "drink Jemmy's health." Then he bade Weightman help himself to a mantel ornament as a souvenir of the day. "I must take something, too," he added, and with great hilarity tucked under his arm an old hat of the President's and a cushion from Mrs. Madison's chair.

When all was ready, a detachment of fifty sailors and marines were marched in silence up Pennsylvania Avenue, every man carrying a long pole with a ball of combustible material attached to the top of it. Arrived at the mansion, the balls were lighted, and the poles rested each against a window. At a command from their officer, the pole-bearers struck their windows simultaneously a hard blow, smashing the glass and hurling the fire-balls into the rooms with a single motion; and the little group of lookers-on beheld an outburst of flame from every part of the building at once.

At the Octagon House, where they passed some months after their return to Washington, the Madisons were surrounded by the same friends who had enjoyed the hospitalities of the President's House before the fire. It was not, however, till they removed to the dwelling at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street that Mrs. Madison was able to entertain on the scale she desired. The house was

one of the most commodious in town, and for any fine function the whole of it was thrown open. This was done on the occasion of the levee of February, 1816, which was universally pronounced the most splendid witnessed in the United States up to that time. The illumination extended from garret to cellar, much of it coming from pine torches held aloft by slaves specially drilled to maintain statuesque attitudes against the walls and at the heads of staircases. Mrs. Madison's toilet of rose-tinted satin was set off with a girdle, necklace, and bracelets of gold, and a gold-embroidered crown. It may have been this last adornment which suggested to Sir George Bagot, the new British Minister, his comment that "Mrs. Madison looks every inch a queen." The compliment promptly spread over Washington, where for some time thereafter the President's wife was constantly referred to as "the Queen."

This levee was in the nature of a farewell, for on the fourth of the next month President Madison made way for his successor, James Monroe, whose inauguration was the first ever held in the open air. The innovation was due to a quarrel between the two chambers of Congress, which was then occupying its temporary quarters opposite the east grounds of the Capitol. Monroe had arranged to take the oath in the

Hall of Representatives; but the Senators found fault with the seats set apart for them, the Representatives were stubborn, and a deadlock seemed imminent, when Monroe suggested as a compromise that a platform be raised in front of the building, and that the ceremony take place there, where all the people could witness it. Thus began what came to be known as "the era of good feeling."

How class consciousness prevailed in those days is amusingly illustrated by Monroe's resentment of the foreign conception of Americans. "People in Europe," he had once said to the French Minister, while Secretary of State under Madison, "suppose us to be merchants occupied exclusively with pepper and ginger. They are much deceived. The immense majority of our citizens do not belong to this class, and are, as much as your Europeans, controlled by principles of honor and dignity. I never knew what trade was; the President was as much a stranger to it as I." Perhaps it was because he knew so little about trade that he took pains to cultivate its acquaintance as soon as he became President. He made a grand tour of the new West, staying away from Washington more than four months and visiting especially the commercial centers, where he showed himself to the people as much as possible. He invited some criticism by making his

tour in the buff-and-blue uniform of the Continental soldiery of forty years before, cocked hat and all; but his friends always contended that this appeal to patriotism vastly increased his popularity and went far to account for his wonderful success in his campaign for reëlection in 1820, when he captured all the electoral votes except one.

The period covered by the last few pages brought to Washington two great men, whose share in shaping the history of the United States was such as to warrant our pausing to take a closer look at them. These were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Clay was probably the most popular man in our public life from Washington's time to Lincoln's, and his legislative career was unique both in its beginning and in its ending. He came to Washington first to fill a vacancy caused by the death of a Kentucky Senator, and held this position for several months while he was still too young to be eligible under the Constitution, because nobody was disposed to inquire into the years of one who possessed so mature a mind. Both before and after this experience he served in the Kentucky legislature, where, on account of an insult received in debate, he challenged its author and "winged" him in a duel. When the Twelfth Congress was about to meet, with every prospect that John Randolph and

his little coterie were going to make trouble in the House, a demand arose for a Speaker who would be able to cope with the turbulent element. Clay had just been elected a Representative, and his prowess as a duelist drew all eyes in his direction. "Harry Clay can keep Randolph in order," declared his Kentucky neighbors, "and he is the only man who can!" On this ground, then, he was elected Speaker before he had actually taken his seat in the House. He was the first man ever thus honored; and he was, I believe, the only one who ever made two formal farewells to the Senate. The first, preliminary to his resignation in 1842, appears among the classics of American eloquence; but, as he was sent back in 1849, he had the chance, rarely accorded any one except a histrionic star, to bow himself off the stage a second time.

During the years of his greatest activity, every announcement that he was to speak made a gala day at the Capitol. "The gallery was full," wrote Margaret Bayard Smith of one such occasion, "to a degree that endangered it; even the outer entries were thronged. The gentlemen are grown very gallant and attentive, and, as it was impossible to reach the ladies through the gallery, a new mode was invented for supplying them with oranges, etc. They tied them up in handkerchiefs, to each of which was fixed a note

indicating for whom it was designed, and then fastened to a long pole. This was taken on the floor of the house and handed up to the ladies who sat in the front of the gallery. These presentations were frequent and quite amusing, even in the midst of Mr. Clay's speech. I and the ladies near me divided what was brought with each other, and were as social as if acquainted."

The orator who could hold his own against such a background of confusion might well take pride in his powers; but the universal testimony was that Clay's wonderfully modulated voice and magnetic charm of personality triumphed over everything. He was so attractive a man that even Calhoun, with whom he was at swords-drawn in every forensic battle, could not forbear wringing his hand with a "God bless you!" at their final parting in the Senate chamber; and John Randolph, with whom he had clashed repeatedly and whose coat he had punctured in a duel, insisted on being carried to the Capitol, while dying, and laid on a couch where Clay was going to deliver a much-heralded speech. Possibly one of the secrets of Clay's success in winning people was illustrated in his quarrel with Senator King of Alabama, which began on the Senate floor and led to the passage of a challenge. Friends interfered, and after some days a peace was

*Mount Vernon*

patched up, both men publicly withdrawing their offensive remarks, and a brother Senator making some appropriate gratulatory observations on the reconciliation. Then Clay gave the final dramatic touch to the scene by crossing the chamber to where his late adversary sat, saying aloud: "King, give me a pinch of your snuff!" King, surprised, sprang up and held out both a snuff-box and an open hand, while Senators and spectators applauded to the echo.

Clay was a slimly built man who always appeared for action clad in a solemn suit of black, with a claw-hammer coat, a stiff silk stock, and a huge white "choker" with pointed ears. His face was spare and his forehead high, his cheekbones were prominent, the nose between them was slender and forceful, and the mouth wide, thin-lipped, and straight-cut. His lank hair, naturally of a tawny hue, became early streaked with gray and was worn long enough to fringe his coat collar. He was approachable in manner, had a most genial smile, and was ready with a pleasant response to every greeting, its effect being intensified by its musical clarity of enunciation. He was distinctly fond of society and especially enjoyed a game of cards. Although his wife accompanied him to Washington, she appeared little with him in public. She was a good woman with few gifts, but a devoted mother, and her

chief joy in life was to sew for her six children. Wherever he went, Mr. Clay was always surrounded by a circle of adoring women, who hung upon every word of the many he uttered as he talked in desultory style with his back against a sofa-cushion. He followed a free fashion of his time in taking toll from the lips of all the young and pretty maidens he met. The first time he saw Dolly Madison, her youthful face and dainty dress misled him into saluting her in this fashion. On discovering his mistake, "Ah, madam," he pleaded gallantly, "had I known you for whom you are, the coin would have been larger!"

I may add in passing that the American navy owes its monitor type of fighting-craft largely to Henry Clay. Theodore Timby, who invented the revolving turret which Ericsson used during the Civil War, came to Washington bearing a letter of introduction to Clay, who became interested in the idea and helped him get the patent without which it might have been lost to the world.

Webster was cast in quite a different mold from Clay. He was godlike where Clay was human; his eloquence overwhelmed his hearers where Clay's fascinated them. He had a big head, a big frame, a big voice, a big presence. Emerson speaks of his "awful charm." Some one who heard him condemn

the dishonest gains of a certain financial institution, says that the word "disgorge," as he uttered it, "seemed to weigh about twelve pounds." Once Mrs. Webster brought their little son to hear his father deliver an oration. Daniel began a sentence in his thunder-tone: "Will any man dare say —" and the audience were waiting breathless to hear what was coming next, when a wee, piping voice responded from the gallery: "Oh, no, no, Papa!"

His greatest effort in Congress, of course, was his reply to Hayne. Everybody in Washington was eager to hear it, and galleries and floor, including the platform on which the Vice-president sat, were crowded to the last limit. Representative Lewis of Alabama, being unable to gain access to the hall, climbed around behind the wooden framework which flanked the platform and bored a hole through it with his pocket-knife in order to get a view of the great expounder. At a levee that evening at the White House, Webster was besieged by admirers offering congratulations. Among the crowd that drew near him at one time happened to be Hayne himself. "How are you, Colonel Hayne?" was Webster's greeting. "None the better for you, sir," answered Hayne, good humoredly but with sincere feeling.

We are treated to another picture of him when he

arrived late at a concert given by Jenny Lind. For the benefit of the statesmen who were present, Miss Lind, for an encore, sang "Hail Columbia." Webster, who had been dining, was on his feet in an instant and added his powerful bass voice to hers in the chorus. Mrs. Webster did all she could to induce him to sit down, but he repeated his effort at the close of every verse, and with the last strain made the songstress a profound obeisance, waving his hat at the same time. Miss Lind curtsyed in return, Webster repeated his bow, and this little comedy of etiquette was kept up for some minutes, to the delight of the audience.

## CHAPTER VI

### THROUGH MANY CHANGING YEARS

WITH the advent of the Monroes, social life at the President's House underwent a transformation. Its character could have been forecast from the fact that, although for the six years Monroe had been at the head of the Cabinet his family had been with him in Washington, they were as nearly strangers to the great body of citizens as if they had been living in New York or Boston. If a lady wished to call on Mrs. Monroe, she had to apply for an appointment and have a day and hour fixed, unless she were a member or intimate of some former Presidential family. In this administration, too, was born to Washington its first formal code of social precedence, which, with certain modifications in detail, has remained unchanged to this day. It differs from the codes of other American communities in having official rank as a basis. John Quincy Adams, before becoming Secretary of State, had served at various times as envoy to five European courts. He was therefore ripe with information

on the rules observed abroad and resolved on bringing something of the same sort into operation at our capital.

Mrs. Monroe and her daughters made it an absolute rule to pay no visits; so calls made on them, no matter by whom, went unreturned. Their dislike of the underbred caused them to take no part in the preparations for the general levees, which were thronged with anybody and everybody; but their invitation list for select receptions was cut down mercilessly, and the reduced company were treated to supper, an innovation on recent practices. At all such entertainments Mrs. Monroe was so exacting in her demands as to dress that when one of her near relatives presented himself in an informal costume which he had worn without criticism at the best of the Jefferson and Madison functions, she refused him admittance till he should don the regulation small-clothes and silk hose.

The Monroes renamed the east room "the banqueting hall" and had their state dinners there, partly because of its spaciousness, and partly because the dining-room had been so badly damaged in the fire that it took a long time to rehabilitate. The table arrangements included a central oval "plateau" twelve feet long by two feet wide, composed of a mirror

"surrounded by gold females holding candlesticks." The china was highly gilt, and the dessert knives, forks, and spoons were of beaten gold. All the plate was the private property of the family and bore the initials "J. M."; much of it was afterward purchased by the Government and made a part of the official furnishing of the White House, where it remained in use down to Van Buren's day.

A New York Representative went with some friends to dine with the Monroes. Arriving at half-past five, his party were "ushered, Indian file, into the drawing-room," where they found "some twenty gentlemen seated in a row in solemn state, mute as fishes, having already undergone the ceremony of introduction." And he goes on:

"Mrs. Monroe was seated at the further end of the room, with other ladies. On our approach, she rose and received us handsomely. After being myself presented, I introduced the other gentlemen. I now expected to be led to the President, but my pilot, the private secretary, had vanished. We beat a retreat, each to his respective chair. Observing the President sitting very demurely by the chimney-corner, I arose and advanced to him. He got up and shook me by the hand, as he did the other gentlemen. This second ceremony over, all again was silence, and

each once more moved to his seat. It was a period of great solemnity. Not a whisper broke upon the ear to interrupt the silence of the place, and every one looked as if the next moment would be his last. After a while the President, in a grave manner, began conversation with some one that sat near him, and directly the secretary ushered in some more victims, who submitted to the same ordeal we had experienced. 'This continued for fully half an hour, when dinner was announced. It became more lively as the dishes rattled." The party remained at table till about half-past eight.

The retirement of Monroe marked the end of "the Virginia dynasty." It had always been a sore point with John Adams that the highest office of the Government should be passed from hand to hand in the Old Dominion, and he once threw out the splenetic comment that not "until the last Virginian was laid in the graveyard" would his son have a chance at the Presidency. The son had been trained with reference to such an inheritance, and, on becoming Monroe's Secretary of State, regarded himself as in the line of succession. His appearance as a Presidential candidate, however, aroused no general enthusiasm, whereas General Andrew Jackson, having given the finishing stroke to the defeat of the British invaders

by his victory over Pakenham, and acquired the nickname "Old Hickory," had become the idol of the multitude. In spite of their approaching competition for the Presidency, Adams was obliged to recognize Jackson's prestige at every turn; and on the eighth of January, 1824, Mrs. Adams gave a ball in the General's honor which was so grand that it was still talked of in Washington fifty years afterward.

The Adams house stood on the site now occupied by the Adams office building in F Street near Fourteenth. On this occasion the floor of the ballroom was decorated with pictures in colored chalks. The central design, which portrayed an American eagle clutching a trophy of flags, bore the legend: "Welcome to the Hero of New Orleans!" The pillars were trimmed with laurel and other winter foliage, roses were scattered everywhere, and the illumination was furnished by variegated lamps, with a brilliant luster in the middle of the ceiling. There were eight pieces of music. Mrs. Adams was seated in the center of the hall, with Jackson standing at her side and a semicircle of distinguished guests behind them. President Monroe and Mr. Adams attended, but both were conspicuous for their sobriety of attire. It was this gathering which inspired a tribute in verse by a local journalist, beginning:

"Wend you with the world to-night?
Brown and fair, and wise and witty,
Eyes that float in seas of light,
Laughing mouths and dimples pretty,
Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
All are gone to Mrs. Adams!"

Nine months later, Jackson polled a far larger popular vote for the Presidency than Adams, and so distributed as to give him a lead in the electoral colleges also. But as there were four candidates, none of whom had a clear majority of the electoral vote, the decision was left to the House of Representatives, where Henry Clay, the candidate at the bottom of the list, threw his support to Adams, giving him the office. Adams recognized his debt to Clay by appointing him Secretary of State, and thus placing him in the line of promotion. Jackson never forgave Clay for his share in electing Adams, and from that day forth had nothing to do with him beyond the coolest exchange of civilities. In other respects the General accepted defeat philosophically, attending the inaugural ceremonies and promptly coming forward to congratulate the new President, an act of grace that brought tears to the eyes of Adams. The appearance of the two men together in public delighted the crowd, and there was vociferous hurrahing for Jackson. Judged solely

by appearances, indeed, the day was a festival in honor of Jackson rather than of Adams. Many of the General's friends had come a long distance, in an era when traveling was so slow that they had been obliged to leave home before learning the final outcome of the election, and supposed that they were to attend the inauguration of their favorite. They sought solace for their disappointment in turbulent demonstrations. For the whole afternoon the dramshops carried on a tremendous business, and all night the streets were full of tramping men roaring out Jackson campaign songs and silencing opposition with their fists. Pistol shots were heard at frequent intervals, and a rumor spread that Henry Clay had been killed.

Whatever Adams may have thought of these exhibitions, he bore them with a calm exterior. He was always indifferent to criticism, and became famous as the most shabbily clad man who had ever occupied the Presidential chair, being accused even of having worn the same hat for ten years. He braved public opinion by setting up a billiard table in the White House, which gave a North Carolina Representative a text for a speech denouncing the expenditure of fifty dollars for the table and six dollars for a set of balls as "alarming to the religious, the moral, and the reflecting portion of the community." The anti-

administration press, using the game of billiards as a theme, opened fire upon the President as a gambler. For a fact, he never made but one bet in his life. Clay had picked up at auction a picture which Adams tried to buy of him. One day, in jest, Clay offered it as a stake for a game of all-fours. To his astonishment, Adams, the supposed ascetic, took him up, and won the game and the picture.

It was a habit of Adams to take a plunge in the Potomac, at the foot of his garden, every morning "between daybreak and sunrise," the weather permitting. Once he had all his clothing stolen, and had to catch a passing boy and send him home for enough raiment to cover him. But this was by no means his most embarrassing adventure. It was during his administration that the first woman newspaper correspondent turned up in Washington. She was resolved to procure an interview with the President, who did not care to gratify her. So she rose early one morning and repaired, notebook and pencil in hand, to the river bank, and planted herself beside his clothes till he started to come out. Standing almost neck-deep in the water, he tried first severity and then persuasion to induce her to go away, but she held her ground till he surrendered and answered her most important questions.

*Tudor House, Georgetown*

The billiard table was not the only basis for charges of prodigal living brought against Adams. When he ran for reëlection, his enemies made effective use of a letter written by a member of Congress who had attended a New Year's reception at the White House and who mentioned the "gorgeously furnished east room." The truth was that the east room, except for three marble-topped tables and a few mirrors, did not contain fifty dollars' worth of furniture of any sort. A Washingtonian of the period has written that there were no chandeliers, and that the great room depended for its lighting on candles held in tin candlesticks nailed to the wall, which "dripped their sperm upon the clothes of those who came under them, as I well know from experience."

Adams sometimes aroused personal hostility by his peppery temper. He had to dine with him one evening a Southern Senator who was notorious for his dislike of everything in New England but prided himself on his knowledge of wines. The Senator had the bad manners to remark that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." This aroused the ire of Adams, who later, when his guest said that Tokay and Rhine wine were somewhat alike, turned upon him with the exclamation: "Sir, I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in

your life!" He afterward apologized, but the Senator would not accept the apology and became the implacable foe of his administration.

Jackson's election in 1828 was a foregone conclusion from the moment he reappeared as a Presidential candidate; and, immediately upon the announcement that he had won an electoral vote a good deal more than double that of Adams, Washington became the Mecca of a hundred pilgrimages. By the fourth of March, 1829, the city was so crowded with worshipers of the President-elect that they overflowed the inns and boarding-houses, and many were obliged to live in camp. Half the men wore their trousers tucked into their boot-legs, and not a few carried pistols openly in their belts. The hickory emblem was in evidence everywhere: men wielded hickory canes and staffs, women wore bonnets trimmed with hickory leaves and necklaces composed of hickory nuts fancifully painted, and scores of horses were driven with bridles of hickory bark.

Like his father, Adams did not attend the inauguration of his successor; he withdrew to a hired dwelling on the heights north of the city and kept to himself till the flurry was over. Probably Jackson did not regret his absence, for the campaign had been surcharged with bitter personalities, into which the name

*Bladensburg Duelling-Ground*

of Mrs. Jackson was remorselessly dragged. Mrs. Jackson had died since election day, and the General believed her death the direct result of calumny.

Madison had set the fashion, and Monroe and Adams had improved upon it, of having a formal escort to the Capitol on the way to inauguration. Jackson, however, refused to follow custom. As the only militia organization in the city was under command of a colonel who hated him, he had no military display, but walked down the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue with only a body-guard composed of veterans of the War of the Revolution, then a half-century past. For any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the resident population, that of the visiting Jacksonians more than compensated. All the way the General and his little party were so surrounded by a yelling, cheering crowd that they could advance only at a snail's pace. To watchers on Capitol Hill he was distinguishable from the mob by being the one man in the midst of it who walked bareheaded.

Jackson was the first President to take the oath of office on the east portico of the Capitol, the place now generally used. He also was the first to read his speech before being sworn. He wore two pairs of spectacles, — a pair for looking at the crowd and a pair for reading; when he was using one pair, the

other was perched aloft on his forehead. At the close of the exercises, he mounted a fine white horse and rode to the White House, again having to make his way through a mass of singing and shouting admirers. At the mansion a feast had been provided, and the gates thrown open to every one. The building was soon stuffed full; and, as the people waiting outside could hardly hope to force their way in, negro servants came to the doors with buckets of punch and salvers of cakes and ices and passed these out. Much of the food and drink was wasted, and much china and glassware smashed. Women fainted, men quarreled and bruised one another's faces. At one stage the doorways became so blocked that people coming out had to climb through the windows and drop to the ground. The rabble inside, bent on shaking the hand of the President, jammed him against a wall to the serious peril of his ribs, till he succeeded in escaping through a back entry and taking refuge in the hotel where he had lately had his lodgings.

The boisterous incidents of his first day in office were only an earnest of the stormy administration which lay before Jackson. Realizing how much he was indebted to New York for his election, and that Martin Van Buren had a powerful following there, he appointed Van Buren his Secretary of State. This

proved a pretty lucky investment in human nature; for in the Peggy Eaton controversy, which broke out soon after Jackson began his term, Van Buren was a valuable ally. General John H. Eaton, a lifelong friend whom Jackson had appointed Secretary of War, had been boarding for several years with a local tavern-keeper named O'Neal. The publican's daughter, Peggy, had grown up a pretty, but pert and forward girl, who flirted with her father's patrons and married one of them, Purser Timberlake of the navy. Timberlake was addicted to drink, and during one of his cruises he ended a spree by suicide, leaving his wife and children destitute; and Eaton, whose name gossip had already linked with the widow's, came to the front with an offer of marriage, which was accepted.

The wedding followed so closely upon the tragedy as to cause wide criticism, and this, together with her antecedents, condemned Mrs. Eaton to social ostracism. Left to themselves, Eaton's colleagues of the Cabinet would have ignored the circumstances of his marriage, but the ladies of their families declared that they would have nothing to do with the bride. Van Buren, as a widower with no daughters, felt free to act as he pleased; and Jackson, remembering what his own wife had endured, gallantly espoused the cause of Mrs. Eaton and gave the hostile Secretaries

their choice between accepting her or resigning their portfolios, whereupon the Cabinet went promptly to pieces.

Being a man of means, Van Buren did a good deal of entertaining for Mrs. Eaton's benefit, and also inspired those members of the diplomatic corps who were unaccompanied by ladies to join him in "floating" her. The British Minister was a bachelor, so was the Russian Minister; but, though the dinners and balls which they gave attracted many feminine guests who were flattered by being invited, they were not wholly successful. Madam Huygens, wife of the Dutch Minister, for instance, was induced to attend a ball, but when escorted to the supper table found that she was expected to sit next but one to Mrs. Eaton and would have to exchange a few words with that lady. Instantly she placed her arm in that of her husband and withdrew with him from the room. When the story was told to Jackson, he rose in his wrath and declared that he would send Huygens home to Holland; but he never carried out the threat.

Viewed in historical perspective, Jackson appears to have been a man of tremendous force, thoroughly patriotic, conscientious in even his most wayward conceptions of duty, unlearned but not illiterate, and above all things hating treachery. He handled the

sword with more facility than the pen, and some of his correspondence, reproduced with its crudities of syntax and spelling, would make the better educated angels weep. Conscious of his scholastic shortcomings, he rarely attempted anything original in writing or speaking, except on public questions; and when his autograph was sought in the albums which were the fashionable fad of the day, he borrowed his sentiments from the Presbyterian hymn-book, quoting, as Miss Martineau recalls, "stanzas of the most ominous import from Dr. Watts."

Jackson usually flavored his dinners and receptions with a dash of the unexpected. On one occasion he jostled the proprieties by singing "Auld Lang Syne." He ate sparingly at his own table but talked à great deal, slowly and quietly, and, when women were present, with much real kindliness of tone. He had a homely way of disposing of questions which he regarded as not overimportant. At a dinner in honor of the marriage of his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Junior, he decided on an innovation in etiquette by having his Secretary of State precede the diplomatic corps, the rest of the Cabinet to follow the foreigners. This plan was vigorously resisted by the Secretary of the Treasury, who argued that the Cabinet was a unit, and that its members should therefore be treated

on an equal footing. "In that case," said the President, "we will put all the Cabinet ahead of the diplomats," and he sent his private secretary, Major Donelson, to make the announcement to the guests. The French Minister at once stirred up the Dutch Minister, as senior member of the corps, to prevent the threatened indignity. Meanwhile, dinner had been announced, and every one was standing. Donelson reported the strained situation to the President, who, instead of vowing "by the Eternal" that his commands should be obeyed, smiled good-naturedly and said: "Well, I will lead with the bride. It is a family affair: so we'll waive all difficulties, and the company will please to follow as heretofore."

The first baby born in the White House probably was Mary Emily Donelson, child of the private secretary. At her baptism in the east room the President and Martin Van Buren stood as godfathers. Van Buren took her in his arms when she was first brought in, but she squirmed and wriggled so that Jackson carried her for her, whereat she cooed with delight, as children always did at any attention from him. She was good throughout the service, and, at the minister's question, "Do you, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works?" he stiffened up as he might have if confronted with a fresh machina-

tion of his enemies, and declared with characteristic emphasis: "I do, sir; I renounce them all!"

It was during Jackson's administration that Harriet Martineau first visited Washington. She was suffering from overwork and had been orderd by her physician in England to cross the sea for a good rest. In spite of that, people would not let her alone. It is said that within twenty-four hours after her arrival in town more than six hundred persons had called to pay their respects. Probably not fifty could have told why they did so, except that she was a literary celebrity. One lady was eager to learn "whether her novels were really very pretty," and most of the statesmen, when told that she was a political economist, laughed outright. A social leader, desirous of giving her a dinner such as she had been accustomed to at home, made the table groan under the choicest things the market afforded, including eight different meats, only to see the guest confine herself to a tiny slice of turkey-breast and a nibble of ham. She was equally disconcerting with her other simplicities, such as coming to a five o'clock dinner at a little after three, clad in a walking suit in which she had been tramping about the city, but bringing in her capacious pockets all the trappings necessary for a presentable evening toilet.

Notwithstanding her idiosyncrasies, Miss Martineau made a profoundly pleasant impression wherever she went. Webster, Clay, and Calhoun would desert their seats in the Senate to join her for a talk, and Chief Justice Marshall would descend from the bench to greet her when she came into his courtroom. She could take up her unpretentious position in the corner of a sofa anywhere, and in a few minutes have a circle of the country's elect about her awaiting their turns for a chat; and this in spite of the fact that she was very deaf and had to make use of an ear-trumpet of an unfamiliar pattern, so that often a newcomer would talk into the wrong aperture. She never made anything of her infirmity; and, of all the poems, addresses, and letters of appreciation with which she was showered, the production which gave her most delight was an ode to her trumpet, beginning: "Beloved horn!"

Early in this administration, the east room at the White House, which had figured in the Democratic campaign speeches as an audience chamber sumptuous enough for royalty, was discovered to be too shabby for a President of Jackson's simple habits. So four large mirrors, heavily framed in gilt, were hung against its walls, their bases resting on mantels of black Italian marble. Chandeliers gleaming with

glass prisms were suspended from the ceiling; damask-covered chairs, their woodwork gilded like the mirror frames, were substituted for the worn-out furniture which had sufficed for the Adams family; the windows were richly curtained; a Brussels carpet, with the sprawling pattern then so much admired, was stretched over the entire floor; and this array of elegance was capped with bouquets of artificial flowers, in painted china vases, distributed among the mantels and tables and in the window recesses.

These things did not long retain their freshness. Jackson's dinners had features quaint enough, but his receptions were little short of riots. A literary visitor has left us the description of one where "generals, commodores, foreign ministers and members of Congress" brushed elbows with laborers who had come in their working clothes from a day of canal digging, and "sooty artificers" direct from the forge. "There were majors in broadcloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris earrings, and tawny necks profusely decorated with beads of colored glass. There were tailors from the board and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and tapsters who closed theirs at another; and one individual — either a miller or a baker — who,

wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company." Meanwhile, the waiters who attempted to cross from the pantry to the east room with cakes and punch were intercepted by a ravenous horde who emptied the trays as fast as they could be refilled, so that little or nothing reached the better-mannered guests. This went on till the Irish butler, in exasperation, enlisted a dozen stalwart men and armed them with billets of wood, to surround the waiters as a guard, and keep their sticks swinging about the food so briskly that it could not be captured except at the cost of a broken head. Of course the carpet, curtains, and cushions were deluged with sticky refuse, and broken bits of china and glass were ground into powder under foot.

If it be possible to imagine anything worse in its way than this scene, it was Jackson's farewell entertainment, given on the twenty-second of February, 1837. The chief feature was the cutting of a mammoth cheese which had been sent to the President by admirers in a northern dairy district. It weighed fourteen hundred pounds, and nothing would satisfy Jackson but to give a piece to every man, woman, and child who would come for it. As a result, the paths leading to the White House, and the portico itself, were thronged that afternoon with people going in to get

their chunks and coming out with greasy parcels in their hands. "We forced our way over the threshold," wrote one of the adventurous souls, "and encountered an atmosphere to which the mephitic gas over Avernus must be faint and innocuous. On the side of the hall hung a rough likeness of General Jackson, emblazoned with eagle and stars, and in the center of the vestibule stood the fragrant gift, surrounded by a dense crowd who had in two hours cut and purveyed away more than a half-ton of horribly smelling 'Testimonial to the Hero of New Orleans.' A small segment had been reserved for the President's use, but it is doubtful if he ever tasted it." The cutting was done by two able-bodied laborers, armed with big knives extemporized from hand-saws.

In the White House, Jackson lived a good deal apart. He was always glad to see any one who came on a friendly errand, and loved to frolic with children; but one of his chief pleasures was sitting by himself in the big south room of the second story and smoking. An aged friend who, as a boy, visited the White House with his father while Jackson was there, told me that the President bade them draw up with him by the fireside, offered a clean clay pipe to the elder of the visitors, and, lighting his own well-seasoned corn-cob, puffed the smoke up the chimney, explaining that Emily

Donelson — the wife of his secretary, who kept house for him — disliked the smell of tobacco.

The ghost of the Peggy Eaton affair could never be permanently exorcised. Timberlake had not only died penniless and in debt but left his official accounts in confusion, and a year or two later it was discovered that he had been a defaulter. His bondsman resisted payment of the shortage, accusing Lieutenant Robert B. Randolph, who had taken over Timberlake's papers, of the actual responsibility for it. Randolph, in demanding a court-martial, committed a technical breach of discipline for which the President dismissed him summarily from the service. One day Jackson was a passenger on a river steamboat which stopped briefly at a wharf in Alexandria. He was sitting alone, when a stranger approached him as if to shake hands. Jackson, seeing him drawing off one of his gloves, said amiably, "Never mind your glove, sir," and stretched out his own hand. But the stranger, instead of taking it, made a violent lunge at Jackson's face, exclaiming: "I am Lieutenant Randolph, whom you have wronged and insulted, and I came here to pull your nose!" Startled by the noise, two or three gentlemen ran forward and sprang upon Randolph, who, in the struggle that followed, reached the gangplank and freed himself. The President, convinced

by later developments that the Lieutenant had really suffered an injustice, offered to reinstate him if he would apologize for the nose-pulling; but he scornfully rejected the proposal.

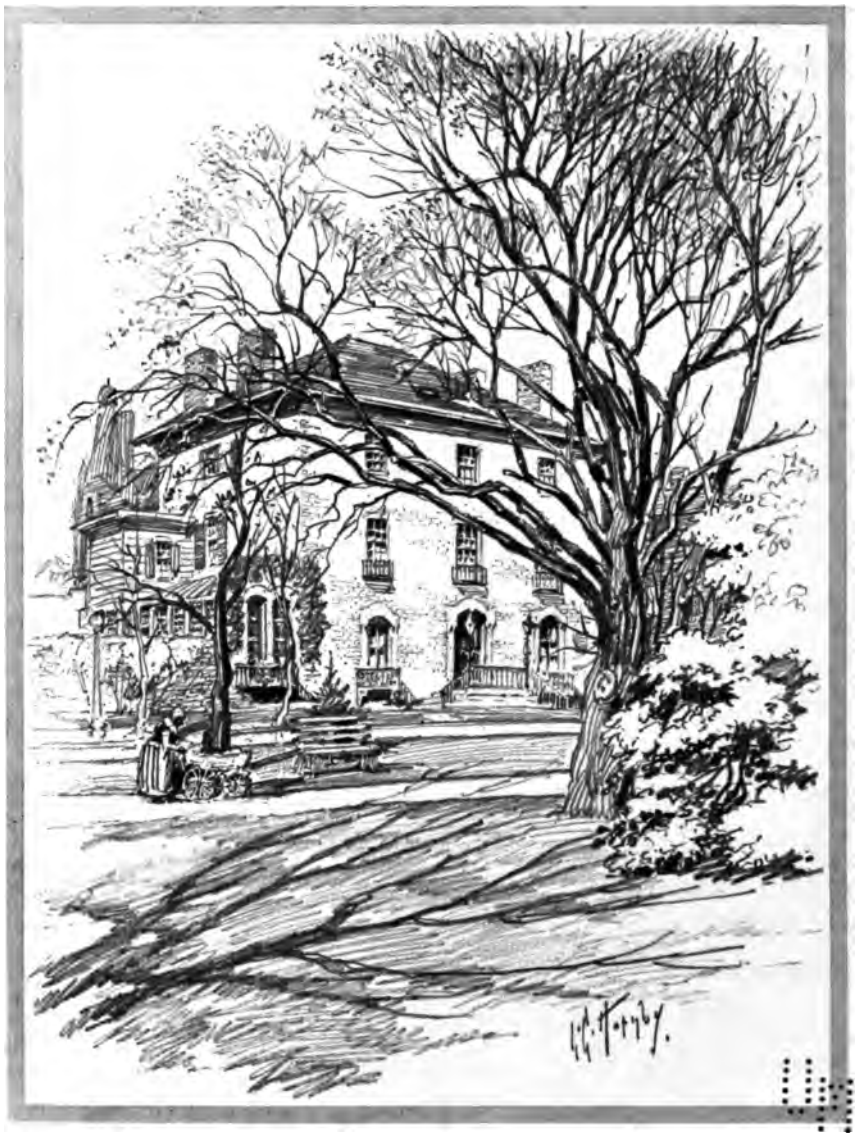
The Cabinet, as reorganized in consequence of pretty Peggy's fight, did not hang together long. Secretary Eaton intimated presently that he would like to retire, Van Buren seemed of the same mind, so the President appointed the former Governor of Florida and the latter Minister to England. The Senate confirmed Eaton's appointment with good enough grace, but balked at that of Van Buren, who, having gone to England in good faith to enter upon his duties, was put to the humiliating necessity of coming home again. Jackson was angry, regarding this as a blow at himself. "If they don't want him for Minister," he thundered, "we'll see if they like him any better as President!" He therefore laid out a program beginning with his own reëlection with Van Buren as his Vice-president, and ending with Van Buren's election as his successor. The plan carried; and, as Jackson's affection for Van Buren had grown largely out of the latter's stanch loyalty in the Cabinet quarrel, Mrs. Eaton may be said to have shaped American history for a considerable term of years.

Long after this lady ceased to hold the center of the

national stage, her career continued to be picturesque. Her husband, having retired from the Governorship of Florida, was appointed Minister to Spain, and in Madrid she appears to have made herself a great favorite at court. After General Eaton's death she returned to Washington, and was living down much of the adverse sentiment of former days, when there appeared on the scene an Italian dancing-master named Buchignani, whose dark, soulful eyes and insinuating manners proved too much for even her experienced heart. Although she was well advanced in years and he was young enough to be her son, she not only became his wife, but let all her comfortable fortune slip into his hands, and gradually gave him also the custody of her grandchildren's property, which she was holding in trust. He repaid her kindness by eloping with her favorite granddaughter to Canada, where he went into business as a saloon-keeper. Mrs. Buchignani died in 1879, still glorying in the memory of her early activities.

As Vice-president, Van Buren lived in the Decatur house, the big somber brick dwelling on the corner of Jackson Place and H Street. Across the park, just south of the present home of the Cosmos Club, lived Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, with whom it was his habit to pass his disengaged evenings. Suddenly he ceased

*Decatur House*



coming, and after some weeks Mr. Tayloe hunted him up to inquire what was the matter. His only response was: "Mrs. Tayloe has things lying about on her table which should not be there." Van Buren had always seemed interested in Mrs. Tayloe's collection of contemporary autographs; and, when husband and wife were searching there for the possible cause of offense, they came upon a letter from a prominent New York politician containing the passage: "What is little Matt doing? Some dirty work, of course, as usual." Mrs. Tayloe cut out the derogatory paragraph and sent word to Van Buren that she had done so, and at once he renewed his visits.

Jackson escorted Van Buren to the Capitol, for his inauguration, in a carriage widely celebrated as the "Constitution coach." It was a present to the General from citizens of New York and was built out of timbers from the old war frigate *Constitution*, a picture of which was emblazoned on one panel. Van Buren discovered, before he had been long in office, that a thousand things which the people accepted without question from a military hero they were prepared to criticize in a civilian. Moreover, his son John, while in England some years before, had danced with the Princess Victoria and thus acquired the nickname "Prince John," of which the enemies of the adminis-

tration made use as a political cudgel, declaring that the whole family were aping the foreign aristocracy. Along came the financial panic of 1837, reducing thousands of well-to-do persons to poverty, and this was fatuously laid to Van Buren's account when he stood for reëlection in 1840 against General William Henry Harrison, affectionately styled "Old Tippecanoe" in memory of one of his victories.

Regardless of the fact that Jackson had refurnished the White House expensively for those days and then given entertainments which spoiled nearly everything spoilable, it was Van Buren who became the undeserving target for attack on the ground that he maintained "a royal establishment" in "a palace as splendid as that of the Cæsars, and as richly adorned as the proudest Asiatic mansion." The stump orators harped on the use of gold and silver spoons at the White House table, and on the excessive number of spittoons distributed in the parlors and halls. Vainly did the President's defenders show that the gold spoons were mostly plated ware, and that the spittoons, like the other furniture, were the property of the Government: the voters who ate their porridge from wooden vessels and threw their quids into boxes of sawdust were resolved upon putting into his place a man of different type. Henry Clay, passing the White House one day when

a blaze broke out in the laundry, joined the firemen in helping to extinguish it, remarking jocularly to the President: "Though we are bound to have you out of here, Mr. Van Buren, we don't want you burned out."

Harrison was elected. He was sixty-eight when he arrived in Washington in February, 1841, and was in delicate health, but affected a vain pretense of robustness. Though the day was chilly, with snow thinly covering the streets and a cold rain falling, he declined to enter a carriage, and walked half a mile to the City Hall with his hat in his hand, bowing to the people on either side of the street. At the hall he stood on the portico, still uncovered, while the Mayor made a speech of welcome and he responded. His exposure gave him a cold which, following his fatigues and excitement, brought on a serious nervous attack, and this was not improved by the prospect of a wearisome inaugural ceremony. He had only a common school education, but had read a good deal, particularly ancient history. Mr. Webster, whom he had selected for Secretary of State, recognizing his literary limitations, composed an excellent inaugural address and carried it to him, saying in explanation: "I feared lest, with all you are called upon to do just now, you might not find time to do anything of this sort."

"Oh, yes," answered Harrison, cheerfully, producing a packet of neatly written sheets, "I attended to all that before leaving home."

Webster tactfully contrived to induce him to exchange manuscripts, "so that each author could read the other's production, and whichever proved the better could be used."

But the next day Harrison handed back Webster's paper with the remark: "If I were to read your address, everybody would know you wrote it. Mine is not so good, but at least it is mine, and I shall prefer my own poor work to your brilliant one." As a last resort Webster offered to revise Harrison's address, and Harrison consented, though very reluctantly. Webster struggled with his task a whole day, chopping out paragraph after paragraph of classical citations. When a lady that evening inquired what he had been doing to make him look so ill, he exclaimed: "You'd be ill, too, if you had committed all the crimes I have. Within twelve hours I have killed seventeen Roman pro-consuls — dead as smelts, every man of them!"

Though compelled to sacrifice so much of his antique lore, Harrison was not to be argued out of his resolve to ride a white horse to and from his inauguration, having read of sundry great Romans who thus traversed the Appian Way. He refused, too, to wear an

overcoat on the fourth of March, notwithstanding that he had a heavy cold, and that a stiff gale was blowing which searched the vitals of most men in thick garments. Nor would he consent to cover his head while delivering his address, which was a protest against executive usurpation, the corruption of the press, and the abuses of party spirit. Few who heard it realized how near they had come to witnessing no inaugural ceremony that day. It had been arranged that Harrison should join the procession for the Capitol at the house of a friend whom he was visiting, but he was in such a state of nervous exhaustion that he fainted twice before the time came to start. His companions bathed his temples with brandy, and the physician they called in forbade his going out of doors unless in a carriage; but he would hear to no change of plans, and managed, by sheer force of will, not only to perform his part at the Capitol, but to hold an afternoon reception at the White House and in the evening to look in at two or three balls with which the Whigs were celebrating their triumph.

During the fortnight that followed, he did his best to conceal his increasing feebleness, even going in person to market every morning when he was able. But a succession of colds presently ran into pneumonia, and the office-seekers hounded him not the less cruelly

after this. Just one month from the day of his inauguration, death came to his relief. Mrs. Harrison, who had been too ill to accompany him to Washington, never saw him from the day he parted with her in Ohio till his body was brought back to her for burial.

## CHAPTER VII

### "THE SPIRIT OF GREAT EVENTS"

JOHN TYLER, the first Vice-president to receive promotion to the Presidency in mid-term, was at his home in Virginia when Harrison died. He came to Washington at once and took lodgings at a hotel, where, two days later, he was sworn in by Chief Judge Cranch of the Circuit Court of the District. His administration was not picturesque in the usual sense; the most it gave people to talk about was his narrow escape from impeachment for deserting the party which elected him. But his unpopularity bore valuable fruit for Washington. When the partisan excitement was at its highest pitch, a company of local politicians went to the White House one night and, drawn up in front of it, "groaned" their disapproval of Tyler's conduct. To protect the Presidential office from further indignities of that sort, a bill was introduced in the Senate to establish an "auxiliary guard" for the defense of the public and private property against incendiaries, and "for the enforce-

ment of the police regulations of the city of Washington," with an appropriation of seven thousand dollars to equip a captain and fifteen men with the proper implements to distinguish them in the discharge of their duty. This was the foundation of the Metropolitan Police force, which now numbers seventy-five officers and more than six hundred privates.

Life at the White House was simple in Tyler's time. The President was in the habit of rising with the sun, lighting a fire that had been laid overnight in his study, and working at his desk till breakfast was served at eight o'clock. At this meal he insisted on having the ladies of his family appear in calico frocks. In the evening all the household would gather in the green parlor and pass an hour or two in entertaining any visitors who happened in, interspersing conversation with piano music and old-fashioned songs. It was Tyler who introduced the custom of periodical open-air concerts by the Marine Band; and on warm Saturday afternoons the garden south of the White House was a favorite resort of the best people of the city, while the President would sit with his family and a few invited guests on the porch, listening to the music and responding to the salutations of his acquaintances. Tyler is rarely suspected of possessing a strong sense of humor; but he must have smiled when he signed

an official letter to the Emperor of China, in which he described himself as "President of the United States of America, which States are Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Missouri, Arkansas, and Michigan" — an array which so impressed the mind of the Celestial despot that the envoy who presented the missive got everything he asked for.

Tyler lost his wife soon after he entered the White House, and his daughters presided over the domestic life there. He was fond of young society, and one of the belles who appeared pretty regularly at his parties was Miss Virginia Timberlake, daughter of the unfortunate naval purser and the lady whose cause Jackson and Van Buren had championed. Another was Miss Julia Gardiner of New York, who so captivated him that at one of his receptions in the second year of his term he made her a proposal of marriage. As she described it afterward, she was taken wholly by surprise, and gave her "No, no, no!" such emphasis by shaking her head that she whisked the tassel of her crimson Greek cap into his face with every motion. The controlling reason for her refusal, she explained,

was her unwillingness to leave her father, to whom she was devotedly attached; but an accident soon changed the whole face of things.

Captain Stockton of the navy invited a party of about four hundred ladies and gentlemen to inspect the sloop-of-war *Princeton*, then lying in the Potomac. President Tyler, the members of his Cabinet and their families, and a good many Congressmen were among the guests. The vessel had dropped down the river to a point near Mount Vernon, when some of the party importuned Stockton to fire his big gun, nicknamed "the peacemaker." This was just at the close of the luncheon, and the ladies had lingered at table while most of the gentlemen went on deck. One lady, fortunately, had detained Tyler as he was about to leave, by inducing him to listen to a song; for the gun exploded, killing Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, Commander Kennon of the navy, Virgil Maxey, lately American Minister at the Hague, and David Gardiner of New York, the father of Miss Julia. A day of merrymaking was thus turned into one of mourning, as the vessel slowly moved up the stream again, bearing the bodies of the dead, for whom funeral services were held at the White House. After an interval the President renewed his suit and found Miss Gardiner more pliant. When he

*Soldiers' Home*

had composed in her honor a serenade beginning, "Sweet lady, awake!" she agreed to marry him if her mother would consent. Her mother did not approve of a union between a man of fifty-six and a girl of twenty, but, as she did not actually forbid it, they had a very quiet wedding.

In spite of the enjoyment he took in social intercourse, Tyler was often criticized for his frigid manners. A virulent type of influenza which became epidemic during his administration received the name of "the Tyler grip," from the remark of a Boston man who fell ill a few hours after being presented to him: "I probably caught cold from shaking hands with the President." A good deal was made of this in the campaign of 1844, and added point to John Quincy Adams's denunciation of Tyler for "performing with a young girl from New York the old fable of January and May!" Tyler's general unpopularity, and a deadlock between two other prominent candidates, led the Democrats to nominate James K. Polk for President. He was so little known to most of the voters that throughout the campaign the Whigs, who were supporting Henry Clay, rang the changes on the question, "Who *is* James K. Polk?" thus contrasting his obscurity with Clay's eminence. The count of ballots showed that a candidate of whom little was known

might have certain advantages over one long before the public eye; and as on inauguration day it rained heavily, exultant Democrats kept themselves warm by hurling back at the Whigs the familiar cry, "Who *is* James K. Polk?" and then laughing wildly at their own humor. It was on this occasion that the telegraph first conveyed out of Washington the news that one President had retired and another had come in — Professor Morse having set up an instrument at the edge of the platform on which the President-elect stood, and ticked off a report of the proceedings as they occurred.

Mrs. Polk being a devoted church-member, of a school which disapproved of dancing, the inaugural ball that evening shrank into a mere promenade concert till after she and her husband had quitted the hall. The social activities of the Polks, through the four years which followed, were consistent with this beginning, all the functions at the White House being too sober to suit the diplomats or the younger element among the resident population. On its practical side, Polk's term was perhaps the most notable in that generation, including as it did the war with Mexico, which resulted in the annexation of California and the great southwestern area afterward carved into the States of Utah, Nevada, and Arizona and parts of Wyoming,

Colorado, and New Mexico. This war, moreover, furnished the usual crop of Presidential candidates, chief among them General Zachary Taylor, who had led the first army across the Rio Grande, and General Winfield Scott, who had wound up the invasion by capturing the city of Mexico.

Believing Taylor the easier to handle, the Whig managers fixed upon him, although, having passed the larger part of his sixty-four years with the army, he had never voted. Indeed, he had always expressed an aversion to office-holding, and, when approached on the subject of the Presidency, met the overture with frank disfavor, declaring that he had neither the capacity nor the experience needed for such a position. But his "availability" overcame the force of his protests, and the Whigs won with him a sweeping victory at the polls. There is pathos in the story of the break-up of the pleasant home in Baton Rouge, and the reluctant removal of the family to Washington, taking with them only a faithful negro servant, a favorite dog, and "Old Whitey," the horse the General had ridden through the Mexican war. Taylor was with difficulty dissuaded from his purpose of imitating his military predecessors and riding "Old Whitey" either to or from the Capitol on inauguration day. What his friends most feared was his loss of dignity in the eyes

of the crowd, for his legs were so short that, in certain emergencies, an orderly had to lift one of them over his horse's flanks whenever he mounted or dismounted.

Taylor was as simple a soul as Harrison. His unostentatious ways in the army had led the soldiers to dub him "Old Rough and Ready," and this title stuck to him always afterward. One of his favorite amusements was to walk about Washington, chatting informally with people he met and watching whatever was going on in the streets. His love of comfort was such that he could never be induced to wear clothes that fitted him, but his suits were always a size or two larger than his measure, and these, with a black silk hat set far back on his head, made him recognizable at any distance. His message at the opening of Congress contained one announcement as voluminous as his costume: "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and the rest of mankind." The bull was discovered too late to prevent its going out in the original print; but in a revised edition the sentence was made to end: "And seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with them."

The White House underwent another grand refurbishing while the Taylors were in it. The east room was newly carpeted, its walls were decorated, and gas replaced its candles and lamps. The ladies of the

family were good housekeepers — particularly the younger daughter, who made the old place look actually homelike, and whom an appreciative guest described as doing the honors "with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess." But this pleasant picture was soon to be clouded over. On the fourth of July, 1850, a patriotic meeting was held at the base of the Washington National Monument, with long addresses by prominent men. It lasted the whole of a very hot afternoon, and President Taylor, as a guest of honor, felt bound to stay through it, refreshing himself from time to time with copious drafts of ice-water. He reached home in a state of some exhaustion and at once ate a basketful of cherries and drank several glasses of iced milk. From a party to which he had accepted an invitation for that evening he was obliged to excuse himself at the last moment on the score of indisposition. He was violently ill throughout the night, and five days later he died.

Millard Fillmore of New York, fifty years old, of moderate political views and fair ability, was Vice-president at the time. Unlike Tyler, he went to the Capitol to be sworn in the presence of a committee of the two houses, but made no inaugural address. Mrs. Fillmore, who had formerly been a teacher, cared little for society. She was of studious habits and soon

converted the oval sitting room in the second story of the White House into a library, personally selecting the books. Her taste ran chiefly to standard historical and classical works; and, as the editions then available were generally not very good specimens of the typographic art, most of her collection has disappeared. In this administration the Fugitive Slave Act was passed, and Fillmore, by signing it, alienated the North so largely that the Whig party refused to nominate him for another term. General Scott, to whom it turned, did precisely what most of the politicians had predicted he would: made a number of public utterances which ruined his chances and thus gave the election to his Democratic competitor, Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire.

During Fillmore's term Louis Kossuth visited Washington. The country was just passing through one of its occasional periods of revolutionary fervor, and Kossuth's stand for the rights of Hungary against Austria had aroused much sympathy here. Our public men were divided in opinion as to how far to go with their demonstrations in his favor, wishing to win the support of the Hungarians in the United States and of immigrants who had fled from other countries to escape oppression, yet hoping to keep clear of entanglements with Austria. As Kossuth had left home to

escape death for high treason and taken refuge in Constantinople, one of our men-of-war was sent to the Dardanelles to bring him to America. He did not then care to go further than England, whence, after an agreeable visit, he came over, in the expectation of inducing our Government to take up arms for Hungarian liberty. Henry Clay, who was already stricken with his last illness, promptly put a damper upon that scheme; but Kossuth remained the guest of the nation for a time and was dined and fêted prodigiously. He maintained the state of a royal personage, keeping a uniformed and armed guard about the door of his suite of apartments at what is now the Metropolitan Hotel, and a lot of carousing young subalterns always in his anteroom. He never appeared in public except in full military uniform, with his cavalry sword, in its steel scabbard, clanking by his side. Mrs. Kossuth, who accompanied him on his tour, was unable to overcome her distrust of American cooking, and used to scandalize her neighbors at table by ostentatiously smelling of every new dish before tasting it.

The inauguration of Pierce was marked by several innovations: he drove to and from the Capitol standing up in his carriage, delivered his address without notes, and made affirmation instead of taking the oath of office. A tragic interest attaches itself to his

administration, because, just as he was preparing to remove to Washington, he lost his only child, a boy of thirteen, in a railway accident. Mrs. Pierce, who was an invalid, was terribly broken by this bereavement, and all social festivities at the White House were abandoned till toward the close of her stay there. The new Vice-president, William R. King, was not inaugurated at the same time and place with the President. He had gone to Cuba in January for his health, and, as he was not well enough to come home, Congress passed a special act permitting him to take the oath before the American Consul-general at Havana. Soon after his return to the United States, in April, he died.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was a college mate and intimate friend of Pierce, was anxious to see something of Europe, but had not the means to gratify his desire; so Pierce appointed him consul at Liverpool, where he was able to live in comfort on his pay and save enough for a sojourn on the Continent. To this experience American literature owes most of his later work, including "The Marble Faun" and "Our Old Home." In Washington still linger stories of a visit Hawthorne paid the city about the time of his appointment. Pierce tried to show him some informal attentions; but Hawthorne's shyness, which went to such an extreme that he could not say anything to the

lady next him at table without trembling and blushing, prevented his making much headway socially.

All through Pierce's term, political conditions were working up to the point which caused the irruption of a few years later. The habit of carrying deadly weapons on the person became so common in Washington, especially in Congress, that scarcely an altercation occurred between two men without the exposure, if not the use, of a pistol or a dirk. The newspapers in their serious columns treated such incidents severely, while the comic paragraphers satirized them; and Preston Brooks, a Representative from South Carolina, in a half-earnest, half-cynical vein, gave notice one day of his intention to offer this amendment to the rules of the House: "Any member who shall bring into the House a concealed weapon, shall be expelled by a vote of two-thirds. The Sergeant-at-Arms shall cause a suitable rack to be erected in the rotunda, where members who are addicted to carrying concealed weapons shall be required to place them for the inspection of the curious, so long as the owners are employed in legislation."

Senator Sumner of Massachusetts having, a few days later, in a speech on slavery, spoken disparagingly of a South Carolina Senator who was absent, Brooks, on the twenty-second of May, 1856, entered the Senate

day toward all scientific novelties was reflected in Buchanan's summoning a newspaper correspondent whom he trusted and begging to be told frankly whether he were not the victim of a hoax. At the White House all the members of the Cabinet were gathered, earnestly debating the same question. The most stubborn disbeliever was the Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, who jeered at the whole thing as a wild absurdity. In spite of Cobb's resistance, the correspondent persuaded the President to answer the Queen's message. As bad luck would have it, the cable parted in mid-ocean soon thereafter and was not restored to working order for several years; and in the interval the skeptics were appropriately exultant.

Buchanan, who was our first bachelor President, was sometimes slangily called "the O. P. F.," having once referred to himself in a message as an "old public functionary." The image of him carried in the popular mind is derived from contemporaneous pictures, which show him as a stiff, precise, ministerial-looking old man, wearing a black coat, a high choker collar, and a spotless white neckerchief. But this was the style of the day in portraiture and must not be accepted too literally. The late Frederick O. Prince of Boston used to tell of a morning call he paid

Buchanan, whom he had imagined a model of formality and elegance, and of his astonishment when the President entered the room clad in a greenish figured dressing-gown, woolen socks, and carpet slippers, and, to put the standing visitors at their ease, called to a servant: "Jeems, sit some cheers!"

When Buchanan came to Washington for his inauguration, attended by a number of Pennsylvania friends, he took lodgings at the National Hotel, where the whole party fell ill with symptoms which to-day we should charge to ptomaine poisoning. One or two of the sufferers died. Buchanan escaped with a comparatively light attack; but a rumor gained circulation that the Free Soilers had tried to assassinate him because of his conservative disposition toward slavery. For some time after he entered the White House, therefore, the police kept a watch on his movements, and one rough-looking Kansan was arrested on suspicion, having bought an air-gun and engaged a room in a building which the President was in the habit of passing every day when he went out for exercise.

The domestic accommodations at the White House were already so limited that, when the Prince of Wales visited it in 1860, the President had to give up his bedchamber to his guest and sleep on a cot in the anteroom of his office. As I recall the Prince he was not

*Old City Hall*

inordinately tall, but for some reason — possibly because the legs of royalty were supposed to need more space than those of common folk — the old bedstead in the President's room was replaced by one of extra length. Society in Washington was agog over the Prince's advent, and the reigning belles insisted that his entertainment must include a ball at least as brilliant as that given in his honor in New York; but Mr. Buchanan, whose ideas on certain subjects were rigid, would not listen to the suggestion of dancing in the White House, and the ball was turned over to the British legation. Miss Harriet Lane, the President's niece, who managed his household affairs, gave instead a large musicale, at which was performed for the first time the once favorite song, "The Mocking Bird," its composer having dedicated it to her.

Trained as attorney, diplomatist, and politician, to regard the letter of the law rather than its spirit, Buchanan found himself in an unhappy situation when the preliminary mutterings of sectional warfare grew loud. In January, 1861, he was urged by some of the Cabinet to recall Major Robert Anderson from Charleston Harbor as a rebuke for having removed the Fort Moultrie garrison to the stronger Fort Sumter without orders from Washington, and he was holding the matter under advisement when Justice McLean of the Supreme Court

came to dine with him one evening. After the ladies had left the table, the Justice drew the President aside and inquired what was going to be done about the Major. "Anderson has exceeded his instructions," answered Buchanan, "and must be disciplined." McLean raised his hand and fairly shook it in the President's face as he ejaculated: "You dare not do it, sir! You dare not do it!" This unique defiance of the executive by the judiciary had an immediate effect: Major Anderson was left undisturbed, to become within a few weeks the first hero of the Civil War.

General Scott, who filled a large place in national affairs from Polk's administration till the autumn of 1861, was a good officer and a pure patriot but full of eccentricities. His love for military forms gave him the nickname "Old Fuss and Feathers," and a letter he wrote during the Mexican war, excusing his absence from his headquarters when the Secretary of War called there, on the plea that he had just stepped out to get "a hasty plate of soup," had won for him the punning title "Marshal Turenne." He was a good deal of a gourmet and did his family marketing himself, especially delighting in the delicacy which he persisted in calling "tarrapin," and ordering his oysters by the barrel. One of his favorite dishes was pork jowl, and once he told of having eaten sauerkraut "with tears

in his eyes." He was a keen stickler for the dignity due him on all occasions. Just after Taylor had been inaugurated President, the two men met in Washington for the first time since a somewhat acrimonious parting in Mexico. Taylor, passing over old animosities, invited Scott to call. Scott did so the next day, and Taylor, who was engaged with some other gentlemen in his office, sent word that he would be down in a moment. Five minutes later, having cut his business short, the President descended to the parlor, to find his visitor already gone: Scott had waited two minutes by the clock and then stalked in high dudgeon out of the door, not to come back again.

The drama of the Lincoln administration, on which the curtain rose to a bugle-blast and fell to the beat of muffled drums, deserves a volume to itself; but in my limited space I have been able to outline only some of its features directly related to the capital city. Lincoln's first levee was held not in the White House but at Willard's Hotel, some days before the inauguration. The higher public functionaries and their wives, and a number of private citizens of prominence, had been notified rather than invited to come to the hotel on a certain evening for a first glimpse of the new chief magistrate. Into this presence stalked the lank,

loose-jointed, oddly clad "Old Abe," with his little, simple, white-shawled wife at his elbow, and the never failing jest on his lips as he made his own announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you the long and the short of the Presidency!"

The Lincolns received several social courtesies from members of Congress and others before the fourth of March, and on the evening of that day the usual inaugural ball was given in their honor. It was plain from the start that they had not made a favorable impression in their new setting, for the ball was a failure in point of attendance; few ladies wore fine costumes, and of the men the majority came in their business clothes. As neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lincoln knew how to dance, or felt enough confidence even to walk through a cotillion, the early part of the evening was devoted to a handshaking performance which threw a chill over the rest. Mrs. Lincoln's feminine instinct had led her to exchange the stuffy frock and shawl of her reception for a blue silk gown. Mr. Buchanan had been expected but sent belated regrets; and Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant" who always became a big one in an emergency, stepped into the breach as representative of the abdicating party, and established himself as the personal escort and lady-in-waiting of Mrs. Lincoln.

In the White House, Lincoln took for his office the large square room in the second story next the southeast corner, from the windows of which he could look over at the Virginia hills. The room adjoining on the west was assigned to his clerks and to visitors waiting for an interview. To secure him a little privacy in passing between his office and the oval library, a wooden screen was run across the south end of the waiting room, and behind this he used to make the transit in fancied invisibility, to the delight of the people sitting on the other side, to whom, owing to his extraordinary height, the top locks of his hair and a bit of his forehead were exposed above the partition. He was persistently hounded by candidates for appointment to office; and it is recalled that in one instance, where two competitors for a single place had worn him out with their importunities, he sent for a pair of scales, weighing all the petitions in favor of one candidate and then those of the other, and giving the appointment to the man whose budget weighed three-quarters of a pound more than his rival's.

Visitors admitted to his office usually found him very kind in manner, though now and then a satirical impulse would give an edge to his humor. When an irate citizen with a grievance called and poured it out upon him, accompanied by a variegated assortment

of profanity, Lincoln waited patiently till the speaker halted to take breath, and then inquired: "You're an Episcopalian, aren't you?"

"Why do you ask that?" demanded the visitor, momentarily forgetting his anger in his surprise.

"Because," answered Lincoln, "Seward's an Episcopalian, and you swear just like him."

The Reverend Doctor Bellows of New York, as chairman of the Sanitary Commission, called once during the Civil War to tell Lincoln of a number of things he ought to do. Lincoln listened with the most flattering attention, slightly inclining his head in recognition of every separate reminder of a duty left unperformed, and at the close of the catalogue remained a minute or two in silent meditation. Then, throwing one of his long legs over an arm of his chair, he looked up with a quizzical smile. "Dominie," said he, "how much will you take to swap jobs with me?"

He could not always keep his humor out of his official communications, as in this despatch to General Hooker in Virginia: "If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg, and the tail of it on the plank road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be pretty slim somewhere. Couldn't you break him?"

Indeed, it was his instinctive discernment of the

ridiculous side of everything which, though it gave his enemies their chance to assail him as a mountebank and a jester, undoubtedly served as a buffer to many a heavy blow. Sometimes his laughs were at his own expense. About the middle of the war a young man from a distant State procured an interview with him, to expound a project for visiting Richmond in the disguise of a wandering organ-grinder and making drawings of the defenses of the city for the use of the Union commanders. Lincoln was so impressed that he contributed one hundred and fifty dollars or more to purchase the organ and pay other preliminary expenses. The young man disappeared for some weeks and then returned with a thrilling account of his adventures, and with plats and charts covering everything of military importance around Richmond and at various points on the way thither. As a reward, the President nominated him for a second lieutenancy in the army and spurred some other patriot into sending him a brand new uniform and sword. After a little, and by accident, it came out that the youth had never been anywhere near Richmond, but had spent the President's money on a trip to his home, where, at his ease, he had prepared his fictitious report and maps. Of course his nomination was at once withdrawn; but Lincoln was so amused at his own childlike cre-

dulity that he could not bring himself to punish the offense as it deserved.

The Cabinet were often annoyed at the obtrusion of the President's taste for a joke at what seemed to them inopportune moments — especially Secretary Stanton, whose sense of humor was not keen. On September 22, 1862, they were peremptorily summoned to a meeting at the White House. They found the President reading a book, from which he barely looked up till all were in their seats. Then he said: "Gentlemen, did you ever read anything from Artemus Ward? Let me read you a chapter which is very funny." When the reading was finished, he laughed heartily, looking around the circle for a response, but nobody even smiled; if any countenance revealed anything, it was irritation. "Well," said he, "let's have another chapter;" and he suited action to word. Finding his listeners no more sympathetic than before, he threw the book down with a deep sigh and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh? With the fearful strain that is on me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die, and you need this medicine as much as I do." With that, he ran his hand down into his tall hat, which sat on the table near him, and drew forth a sheet of paper, from which he read aloud, with the most impressive emphasis, the first draft of the Eman-

cipation Proclamation. "If any of you have any suggestions to make as to the form of this paper or its composition," said he, "I shall be glad to hear them. But" — and the deliberateness with which he pronounced the next words left no doubt that the die had already been cast — "this paper is to issue!"

The Lincolns brought two young children with them into the White House, both boys. Of the elder, Willie, we hear little, except that he died there, and that his loss added one more to the many lines which the war had worn into the brow of his father. The younger boy, "Tad," is better known to the public through the exploitation of his juvenile pranks by the newspapers and his appearance in some of the President's portraits. Many stories are told of his fondness for bringing ragged urchins from the streets into the kitchen and feeding them, to the sore distress of the cook and sometimes to the disturbance of the domestic routine in other ways; but for whatever he wished to do in the charitable line he found his father a faithful ally. There is a pretty tale of his having espied in the lower corridor of the White House, one very rainy day, a young man and woman, rather shabbily dressed, who seemed depressed in spirits and anxious to consult with some one. Tad called his father's attention to them, and the President went up and asked them what

they wished. His sympathetic manner loosed their tongues and they told him their story.

It appeared that the girl was from Virginia and had run away from home to marry her lover, an honorably discharged soldier from Indiana. They had met by arrangement in Washington, but they were strangers there and very unsophisticated, and had little money to pay a minister or spend on hotel accommodations; so they had been wandering about the city for hours, not knowing where to go, and had taken refuge in the White House from the storm. They had no idea that they were talking to the President till he made himself known. With characteristic directness, he sent for a clergyman of his acquaintance and had the nuptial knot tied in his presence. Then he invited bride and groom to remain as his guests till the next day, when the weather cleared and they went their way rejoicing.

Although Mrs. Lincoln was the titular head of the President's household, the woman recognized as the social leader of the administration was Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury. She was handsome, accomplished, and, after her marriage with William Sprague, the young War Governor of Rhode Island, rich as well. Mrs. Lincoln never liked her, but the President's gift for peacemaking came into

action here, and there was no public display of the coolness of feeling between them. Mrs. Sprague had a strong taste for politics, and her chief ambition was to see her father President; but Lincoln cut off that chance at the critical moment by making him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Among the young and rising Congressmen with whom Mrs. Sprague was brought into contact during this period was Roscoe Conkling, a Representative from New York, who later became a Senator. He was the pink of elegance in person and attire, of stately and somewhat condescending manners, and master of the arts of verbal expression. They formed a firm friendship which lasted as long as both lived. Edgewood, the Chase home on the northern border of the city, was for many years one of the show places of Washington, and after Chase's death Conkling procured from Congress an act exempting it from taxation as a tribute to the public services of its former owner. Another young Representative of whom Mrs. Sprague saw almost as much as of Conkling, but liked less, was James G. Blaine of Maine, a brilliant orator who in after years became Conkling's most powerful adversary.

A warm friend of Chase's who used to drop in at Edgewood whenever he was in Washington was Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*. He was a

quaint character, who wore his clothes awry and his hair long and always tousled. His face he kept clean shaven, but raised a heavy blond beard under his chin and jaws; and this, with his ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, beaming spectacles, and generally bland aspect, made him look like the typical back-country farmer of theatrical tradition. He accentuated the peculiarities of his appearance by affecting a large soft hat and not spotless white overcoat, the pockets of the latter habitually bulging with newspapers. His handwriting was as unconventional as his attire, and compositors in the *Tribune* office had to be specially trained in deciphering it, for Mr. Greeley was often unable to read it himself after the subject-matter had grown cold in his mind.

Greeley was an anti-slavery man, but not an aggressive abolitionist; nevertheless he smiled benignantly upon the work of the Hutchinson family and took some pains to introduce them in Washington wherever their music would be likely to meet with a cordial reception. The Hutchinsons were a Massachusetts family of sixteen brothers and sisters, nearly all of them bearing Bible names given them by a deeply religious mother. They learned as children to lead the singing in the Baptist church attended by their parents, and, as their musical fame spread, one of the

*The "Old Capitol"*

brothers developed a talent as a versifier and began writing songs adapted to their interpretation, breathing an earnest spirit of patriotism and pleading for human freedom. From giving concerts in their native town and neighborhood, they gradually essayed more and more ambitious ventures, and with Greeley's aid came under the favorable notice of the administration. Lincoln, realizing the appeal their homely entertainments would make to the Union volunteers, gave them a roving commission to visit the camps of the Army of the Potomac and encouraged them to take in the recruiting stations wherever they happened to be. They mixed fun with their seriousness in such proportions as they believed would please all classes in their audiences; and in their way they did as much to keep the soldiers cheerful as Tom Paine had done fourscore years before.

So accustomed is the public mind to associating Lincoln and Grant as coworkers for the Union cause that few persons suspect that the two men never met till the Civil War was three-fourths over. Then, Congress having revived the grade of Lieutenant-general of the Army, Grant was ordered to Washington to receive his promotion. Arriving early in March, 1864, he went at once to the White House, where the President happened to be holding a reception in the

east room. He held back till most of the people had passed, when Lincoln, recognizing him from his portraits, turned to him with hand outstretched, saying: "This is General Grant, is it not?"

"It is, Mr. President," answered Grant. And with this self-introduction, fittingly simple, the two great figures of the war faced each other for the first time.

## CHAPTER VIII

### NEW FACES IN OLD PLACES

ALTHOUGH constantly urged to take precautions for his own safety, Lincoln never did. He used to walk about the streets as freely as any ordinary citizen; and night after night, during the darkest period of the war, he would stroll across to Secretary Stanton's office to talk over the latest news from the front. Stanton's remonstrances he would dismiss with a weary smile, protesting that, as far as he was aware, he had not an enemy in the world, but if he had, anybody who wished to kill him had a hundred chances every day — so, why be uneasy? His second inaugural address was shorter than the first; he wrote it about midnight of the third of March, seated in an armchair where he was resting after a hard day's work, and holding the cardboard sheets in his lap. Its concluding words were as memorable as those of four years before: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, let us go forward with the work we have to do: to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who has borne the

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We have already seen how Washington received the news of the final triumph of the Federal arms, and how Lincoln fell in the midst of the general rejoicing. Many readers of his inaugural address of that year have since professed to discern between its written lines a veiled foreboding of the end. Certain it is that he was an habitual dreamer, and that one dream,

which came to him on the night before Fort Sumter was bombarded, was repeated on the eve of the first battle of Bull Run, and just before other important engagements. As he described it, he seemed to be on the water in an unfamiliar boat, "moving rapidly toward a dark, indefinite shore." The last recurrence of the dream was in the early morning hours of April 14, 1865. We shall never know, now, whether it was this or some other portent that caused him to say to a trusted companion, not long before his death: "I don't think I shall live to see the end of my term. I try to shake off the vision, but it still keeps haunting me." He had received several threatening letters, which he kept in a separate file labeled: "Letters on Assassination." After his death there was found among these a note about the very plot in which Booth was the chief actor.

Fate plays strange tricks. For a few hours that spring, one friend in Washington unconsciously held Lincoln's life in his hand. Harriet Riddle, since better known as Mrs. Davis, the novelist, was a pupil at a local convent school. Shortly before the tragedy at Ford's Theater, a teacher who had been on a brief visit to a Southern town returned, apparently laboring under some terrible excitement which she was trying to suppress. At the session of her class imme-

diately preceding their separation for Good Friday, she suddenly fell upon her knees, bade them all join her in prayer, and poured forth, in a voice and manner so agonizing that the children were thrilled with a nameless horror, an hysterical appeal for divine mercy on the souls who were soon to be called before their Maker without warning.

Harriet, who was an impressionable child, could hardly contain herself till she reached home and sought her father, to whom she attempted to relate the afternoon's occurrence. He was the District-attorney, and an intimate of the President's, and was so immersed in the cares of office that he put her off till he should have more leisure. When she was awakened on Good Friday night by the noise of citizens and soldiers hurrying through the streets and calling out the news of the assassination, she uttered an exclamation which caught her father's attention, and then he listened to the tale which he had once waved aside. "Why did you not tell me this before?" he demanded. It was then too late to do more than collect such evidence as he might from the pupils to aid the detectives; but the teacher who had uttered that awful prayer had fled and could never be traced. No one could longer doubt her guilty knowledge of the plot, probably acquired during her visit in the South.

The oath with which Vice-president Johnson took upon himself the obligations of the Presidency was administered to him at his rooms in the Kirkwood House, a hostelry on the Pennsylvania Avenue corner now occupied by the Hotel Raleigh. Of his administration, the most broadly interesting incident was the impeachment trial described in an earlier chapter; and in our reflections on how history is shaped, another personal anecdote seems worthy of a place. Its heroine was Miss Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, who later became Mrs. Hoxie.

As his trial drew near its close, and Johnson's friends and enemies were able to figure out pretty accurately how the Senate was going to divide, it became plain that the issue would hang on a single vote. If all the Senators counted against the President stood firm, he would be convicted, thirty-six to eighteen; but Secretary Stanton insisted that Ross of Kansas was preparing to go over from the majority to the minority. Ross was occupying a room in the same house with Miss Ream on Capitol Hill, and General Daniel E. Sickles, who was acquainted with him, was deputed to see him on the night before the roll-call and try to hold him fast against the President. Miss Ream happened to meet the General at the door, ushered him into the parlor but refused to let him see the Senator,

and held him at bay till dawn the following morning, when he gave up the effort as fruitless and went home. If she had weakened for a moment, there is no telling what might have happened, for Sickles was in a position to have brought very heavy pressure to bear upon Ross. The roll-call showed thirty-five for conviction to nineteen against — less than the two-thirds required to convict; and it was Ross's vote that saved Johnson.

At the inauguration of Grant, the relations between him and the retiring President were so strained, owing to the recent struggle at the War Department, that Johnson refused to attend the ceremonies unless it could be arranged that he and Grant should ride in separate carriages. General Rawlins therefore acted as escort to Grant and Vice-president Colfax. Grant was not much of a speaker, but the delivery of his inaugural address is remembered for a pretty incident. His little daughter Nellie, confused by the continuous bustle all about her, obeyed on the platform the same childish impulse which moved her in any exigency at home, and, running to his side, nestled against him, clasping one of his hands in both of hers and holding it all the time he was speaking. At the ball that evening, access to the supper-room and to the cloak-room was by the same door, which caused a blockade in the

passage. The servants in charge of the wraps became hopelessly demoralized, with the result that Horace Greeley had to wait two hours to recover his white overcoat and lost his hat entirely. The torrent of lurid expletives he let loose during his ordeal shared space and importance, in the next day's newspapers, with the thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds worn by Mrs. John Morrissey, wife of the prize-fighter.

Grant's second inauguration began inauspiciously, his aged father falling down a flight of stairs at the Capitol and suffering injuries which finally caused his death. The day was stormy, and the evening the coldest known in Washington for years. Unfortunately, the only place where the ball could be held was an improvised wooden building, through the crevices of which the icy wind blew a gale; and, to complete everybody's misery, the heating apparatus broke down, so that many of the ladies who had come in conventional toilets had to protect their shoulders with fur mantillas, while their escorts put on overcoats. The President was so cold that he forgot the figures in the state quadrille which he was to lead, and was obliged to depend on General Sherman to push him through them. The supper was ruined, the meats and salads competing in temperature with the ices; all

that could be saved was the coffee, which was kept hot over alcohol lamps. The breath of the members of the band congealed in their instruments, and several hundred canaries which were to sing in the intervals between band pieces shriveled into little downy balls on the bottoms of their cages and uttered not a trill.

The key-note of Grant's administration on its political side was his steadfast faith that any friend of his was capable of filling any office in his gift. He named Alexander T. Stewart, the New York dry-goods merchant, for Secretary of the Treasury, but had to let him resign on account of technical objections raised in the Senate. Wendell Phillips having come to his defense at a hostile mass-meeting in Boston, Grant wished to make him Minister to England, but the offer was declined because Mrs. Phillips would not be able to go abroad at that time. Caleb Cushing of Massachusetts, though a stanch Democrat before the war, had become an "administration man" as soon as the Union was threatened, and thereby aroused the admiration of Grant, who named him for Chief Justice after Chase's death; but the same political independence which so won Grant had incensed a number of Senators, who caused the rejection of the nomination.

Later, however, Grant succeeded in sending Cushing

as Minister to Spain. Cushing was a man full of peculiarities, which strengthened with his years. At an early age he discarded the umbrella as a nuisance and braved storms unprotected. Naturally his hats suffered. At the time he received his billet for Spain, he was wearing one of the chimney-pot variety, which, from its appearance, he must have bought many years before. The nap was a good deal worn, there was a slight bulge in the top, and, thanks to the squareness of his head, he could wear it with either side in front. When some one suggested that he had better buy a new hat before presenting himself at the Spanish court, he considered the question solemnly, turning the old hat around and examining it with care before answering: "No, I think I shall wait and see what the fashions are in Madrid." Though ready to spend his money freely for any public purpose, in private indulgences the frugal notions inherited from his New England ancestry came to the front. Hardly anybody ever saw him light a fresh cigar, but he used to carry about in his pocket a case packed with partly consumed stumps, to one of which he would help himself when he wished a smoke, only to let it die again as soon as he had become interested in talking.

It was because of his liking for both Blaine and Conkling that Grant strove, as his last act in the

White House, to reconcile the two men, who were intensely hostile to each other. Their quarrel had grown out of a passage in debate when Conkling had made some very sarcastic comments on Blaine. The latter retorted in kind. "The contempt of that large-minded gentleman," said he, glancing toward Conkling, "is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut have been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him." Referring to a recent newspaper article in which Conkling had been likened to the late Henry Winter Davis, Blaine went on: "The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, a dunghill to a diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion!"

Conkling never forgave this attack. It seems like a small thing to change the whole current of a nation's history, but it probably cost Blaine the Presidency; for in 1884 the disaffection of the Republicans in Conkling's old home in central New York gave the State to Cleveland. President Grant's effort to bring the foes together failed because Blaine, though ready to

make any ordinary concessions, balked when Conkling demanded that he should confess his "mud to marble" speech to have been "unqualifiedly and maliciously false."

In 1874, Miss Nellie Grant was married to Algernon Sartoris, a British subject. She was her father's pet. At her wedding, he stood beside his wife to receive the guests, his face wearing a sphinx-like calm, though every one knew how he would feel the parting soon to follow. His forced composure continued till Nellie had left the house with her husband, and then he disappeared. An old friend, seeking him up-stairs, tapped at his chamber door, and, as there was no response, pushed it slightly ajar and looked in. There, on the bed, face downward, his eyes buried in his hands and his whole frame shaken with grief, lay the great soldier, sobbing like a child.

Throughout the Grant administration, the social arbiter for Washington was Mrs. Hamilton Fish, wife of the Secretary of State. She was a woman of the world, broad-minded and efficient, but the White House was not a very ceremonious place in that era. When the new Danish Minister called, for instance, in full regalia, to present his credentials, he found no one prepared to receive him, even the negro boy who met him at the door having to hurry into a coat before usher-

ing him in. Persons who attended the state dinners say that Grant often turned down his wine-glasses. It was, as far as I have ever heard, the first instance of a President's doing this; and it paved the way for the reign of cold water which came in with the next President, Rutherford B. Hayes.

Hayes entered office under cloudy auspices. His competitor for the Presidency was Samuel J. Tilden, a powerful Democratic leader. In some of the Southern States which were still in the throes of reconstruction, United States troops were doing police duty, the Governors were appointees of a Republican President, and the election machinery was in the hands of Republican office-holders, though the bulk of the white voting population was Democratic. In these States the official canvassers had reported the Republican electors chosen, the electors had cast their ballots for Hayes, and the Governors had signed and forwarded their certificates accordingly, in defiance of Democratic protests that the returns were fictitious. Without these States, the Democratic candidate had one hundred and eighty-four of the one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes necessary to a choice, while the Republican candidate could win only with their aid; so a single electoral vote would tip the scale either way. The duty of opening the certificates and an-

*St. Paul's, the Oldest Church in the District*

nouncing the results devolved upon the President of the Senate, a strong Republican.

The Democrats made so serious charges of falsification of the records that the whole country became much excited, and fears were entertained in Congress that another civil war might be impending. In the midst of the turmoil, a joint committee of both chambers worked out a plan for a bi-partisan Electoral Commission, to consist of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the Supreme Court, before whom all the questions at issue should be argued by counsel, and whose decisions should place the result beyond immediate appeal. The Commission, as made up, contained eight Republicans and seven Democrats, and its decisions were always given by a vote of eight to seven. It held its sessions in the room now occupied by the Supreme Court, where it began its work on February 1, 1877, and at the end of a month rendered its last ruling, which gave the Presidency to Mr. Hayes.

As the fourth of March was to fall on Sunday, President Grant had Hayes meet Chief Justice Waite in the red parlor of the White House on the evening of the third and take the oath privately. The inaugural ball was omitted because the Electoral Commission had finished its work too late to enable preparations

to be made. President Hayes was not nearly so conspicuous a figure during the following four years as his wife, who was a woman of very positive convictions, especially on the subject of alcoholic stimulants. At her instance, wines were banished from the White House table, the only exception occurring when the Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantin of Russia visited Washington. It is said to have been some incident at the entertainment given in their honor which fixed Mr. and Mrs. Hayes definitely in the determination not to depart again from the rule of teetotalism.

The newspapers poked a good deal of innocent fun at the Hayes parties on the score that, though the ban was never lifted from the ordinary intoxicants drunk from glasses, there was always plenty of strong Roman punch served in orange-skins. The nickname which presently fastened itself to this deceptive course was the "life-saving station." In his diary, however, Mr. Hayes has left us the statement: "The joke of the Roman punch oranges was not on us, but on the drinking people. My orders were to flavor them rather strongly with the same flavor that is found in Jamaica rum. This took! It was refreshing to hear the drinkers say, with a smack of their lips, 'Would they were hot!'" I am bound to add that, in spite of the good man's enjoyment of his ruse, the suspicion still

survives that his steward used to put a private and particular interpretation on his orders.

Although Mr. Hayes was not a member of any church, his wife was an ardent Methodist, and one marked feature of their life in Washington was the Sunday evening sociables at the White House, when Cabinet officers and other dignitaries would come in and pass a couple of hours singing hymns, with light conversation between. Among the most interested attendants at these gatherings was General Sherman, who used to join vigorously in the singing — or try to. Another, who was destined to play an independent part in history a few years afterward, was a clever young Congressman from Ohio named William McKinley, Junior. He had been a volunteer soldier in Hayes's regiment early in the war, and they had grown to be fast friends. At one of the first of the secular receptions during the Hayes régime, the guest of honor was a budding celebrity, Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii. She labored under the handicap of knowing no English, and had to carry on most of her conversation through an interpreter.

President Hayes provoked a good deal of criticism among the Southerners in Washington by appointing Frederick Douglass, the negro ex-slave and orator, United States Marshal of the District, for the office

had up to that time carried with it the duties of a sort of majordomo at the President's receptions, including the presentation of the guests. A visitor to Washington about these days who did not attend the state receptions, but held some of his own in the open air, was a man of small and unimpressive stature, with black hair and mustache and a rather good-natured face, whose portrait appeared repeatedly in the illustrated papers, and whose name carried with it a certain terror to timid souls who expected to see him launch a social revolution. This was Dennis Kearney, who had made himself notorious by his speeches in the sand-lots of San Francisco, declaring that "the Chinese must go," and denouncing every one, regardless of race, who had been thrifty enough to accumulate any of this world's goods. His remarkable coinage of words and generally unique English gave currency to a multitude of epigrammatic phrases, which for several years were known as "Kearneyisms."

All through the campaign of 1880 a great deal was made of the sayings and doings of "Grandma Garfield," the mother of the Republican candidate: an old lady of a type rarely seen now, who was not ashamed of her years, wore her cap and spectacles as badges of distinction, and never forgot that, however great he might have grown, her son was still her son. Nor did

he forget it; and on the east portico of the Capitol, with his assent to the constitutional oath barely off his lips, his first act as President was to bend down and kiss her. The inauguration was notable, too, for the important part taken in the parade by the defeated competitor for the Presidency, General Winfield S. Hancock. He was a splendid-looking man and a superb horseman, and in his uniform as a Major-general was the most imposing object in the procession. The spectators, delighted with his sportsmanlike spirit, paid him as hearty a tribute as they paid the President.

A few weeks after the inauguration, a fierce quarrel broke out over the distribution of federal patronage, splitting the Republican party into two factions. The angry irruptions of the newspapers on both sides, which would have passed with any normal mind for what they were worth, made a more serious impression on that of Charles J. Guiteau, a degenerate with a craving for self-advertisement; and, failing in his attempt to obtain an office for himself, he saw in the controversy an opportunity to pose as a hero by removing its cause. Garfield, as a graduate of Williams College, had arranged to attend the next commencement, and was in the railway station on the second of July, 1881, on the way to his train, when he was approached by Guiteau from behind and shot.

He lingered, first in the White House and later at Elberon, New Jersey, whither he was taken after the weather became too sultry in Washington, till the nineteenth of September. The assassin was brought to trial at the winter term of the Supreme Court of the District, convicted of murder, and hanged.

On the evening of the day of Garfield's death, the Vice-president, Chester A. Arthur, was sworn in at his home in New York City, in the presence of his son and a few personal friends, including Elihu Root. A more formal administration of the oath took place in the Vice-president's room at the Capitol in Washington three days later, Chief Justice Waite officiating, with Associate Justices Harlan and Matthews, General Grant, and several Senators and Representatives as witnesses. After signing the oath, Arthur read a brief address and returned at once to his office.

Arthur was a widower, and his only daughter was still too young to take full charge of his household affairs, so his sister, Mrs. McElroy, presided at all his social functions. He was very fond of music, and the great operatic and concert stars were always sure of a warm welcome from him when they passed through Washington. The finest of his dinners was that which he gave for Christine Nilsson. As the company rose from the table and he offered his arm to escort

her back to the east room, the Marine Band in the corridor, responding to a secret signal, began playing one of her favorite airs, and, with the spontaneous delight of a child, she fell to singing it, her voice soaring bird-like above the instruments as she walked. This surprise for Miss Nilsson was typical of the graceful things Arthur was fond of doing, and in which he set the pace for the members of his official family. Ex-president Grant and his wife, on their return from their tour of the world, dropped in upon Washington, as it chanced, just when a reception was about to be held at the White House. Arthur sent his carriage for them. Mrs. Frelinghuysen, wife of the Secretary of State, was on that occasion filling Mrs. McElroy's accustomed station next to the President in the receiving line; but on the entrance of the distinguished guests she withdrew, gently pressing Mrs. Grant into her place as hostess of the evening.

As the first Democratic President since the war, Grover Cleveland of New York found a hard task laid out for him. He realized that he owed his election chiefly to the reform element in both the great parties, yet it was his own party that claimed him, and, having been out of power for a quarter-century, it was not over-modest in its demands. His efforts at tariff reduction stirred the protectionists to such activity in

the next campaign that Benjamin Harrison of Indiana, a Republican and a grandson of "Old Tippecanoe," was elected in November, 1888. When he entered office, Cleveland was a bachelor forty-eight years old. In June, 1886, he married Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of a former law partner to whom he had been warmly attached. The wedding ceremony was performed in the White House, only a small party of friends attending. Mrs. Cleveland, who was young and of attractive presence, made friends for herself on every side and did much to soften the antagonisms which her husband's course in office necessarily aroused.

The clerk of the weather seemed to have been storing his rain for weeks in order to let it all out upon Harrison's inauguration, and the street pageant was a drenched and draggled affair. The civilities of the outgoing to the incoming President gave the day its one touch of cheerfulness. Cleveland sat on the rear seat of the open landau which bore them to the Capitol, the front seat being occupied by Senators Hoar and Cockrell, acting as a committee of escort. In order to enable Harrison to lift his hat to the people who cheered him from the sidewalk, Cleveland raised his own umbrella and held it over his companion. When Cockrell undertook to do the same for Hoar, his umbrella broke. Cleveland at once borrowed an umbrella

of his Secretary of the Treasury in the next carriage, and, when Mr. Hoar demurred, reassured him with a laugh: "Don't be alarmed, Senator; we're honest, and I'll see that it gets back!" As they drove down the Avenue, most of the applause, naturally, was for the President-elect; but once in a while a spectator would shout, "Good-by, Grover!" or something of the sort, and Cleveland would return the greeting with a smile and a nod. So much kindly feeling was manifested throughout the morning that Harrison, who was temperamentally the least effusive of men, was deeply touched; and he could not forbear referring in his inaugural address to the courtesy he had received at Cleveland's hands, adding that he should endeavor to show like consideration to his successor four years later.

And four years later Providence gave him the chance, which he improved as far as in him lay. In the meantime he had passed through many sad experiences. Factional divisions, almost as serious as those that culminated in the assassination of Garfield, had broken up his party. His Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, had parted company with him on the eve of the meeting of the Republican National Convention of 1892, become his rival for the Presidential nomination, and died the following winter. Two of Blaine's

sons and one of his daughters had already died. Mr. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, had fallen dead at a public banquet, just after finishing a memorable speech in defense of the administration. General Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, had lost his wife and daughter in a fire which destroyed their Washington home. The wife of the President's secretary, Mr. Halford, had died; and to crown his load of sorrows, Mr. Harrison lost his own wife and her father almost at the time of his defeat for reëlection.

On the other hand, he had enjoyed the presence in the White House of his daughter, Mrs. McKee, with her two children, one of whom, a bright little boy named in his honor, was his special favorite and playfellow out of office hours. The south garden was the scene of many of their frolics, which recalled the legends about John Adams and his juvenile tyrant. One incident will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. "Baby McKee," as Benjamin junior was commonly called, used to drive a goat before his little wagon. This amusement was confined, as a rule, to occasions when the President could be near at hand to watch proceedings, for the goat was an erratic brute. One day it caught the President napping and started at full gallop for an open gate. Mr. Harrison, suddenly awakened to the situation, dashed

after. The goat succeeded in pulling the wagon through the narrow aperture without a collision, but, once in the street, bolted straight for a trench in which workmen were laying a pipe. By a succession of mighty leaps, such as probably no dignitary of his rank had ever made before, Mr. Harrison contrived to get in front of the animal, seize it by the bit, and swing it around in the nick of time to prevent its jumping the excavation and tumbling wagon and boy into the mud at the bottom. The President was puffing hard as he returned triumphantly to the White House, dragging the reluctant goat by the headstall, under a running fire of complaints from his grandson for spoiling the morning ride.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland came back in 1893, they brought with them their infant daughter Ruth, and open gates in the south garden of the White House became at once a thing of the past; for the garden was the child's only playground, and an epidemic of kidnapping had recently broken out. For further security, and in order to have one place where his domestic hours would be free from business interruptions, the President rented the small estate known as Woodley, in one of the northwestern suburbs. Here he lived during the greater part of the year, driving in daily to his work and spending a night in Washington

now and then if necessary. By that time the official encroachments on the family space of the White House had reached a point where either the building must be enlarged or a separate dwelling provided for the President. A scheme of enlargement had been broached in Harrison's term, but the plans drawn under Mrs. Harrison's direction changed the shape of the old mansion in too many essential features to win the approval of the architects consulted, and the matter was dropped. The Clevelands, by living at Woodley, escaped some of the cramping the Harrisons had suffered, and the McKinleys, who came in next, got along pretty well because they had no children.

As Senator La Follette once said, McKinley never had a fair chance as President to show what was in him: his first term was broken into by the Spanish War, and his second was cut off almost at its beginning by assassination. He was sweet-natured and a born manager of men, and no one who ever filled the Presidential chair left behind him a more fragrant memory. As his murder occurred in Buffalo, and Czolgosz, who killed him, was tried and put to death there, the episode serves our present purpose only in leading up to the accession of Theodore Roosevelt of New York, the Vice-president, who was recalled from a summer vacation in the mountains to take the head of the

state. His inauguration was of the simplest sort, at the house of a friend in Buffalo, where some members of the McKinley Cabinet and a few other gentlemen met to witness the administration of the oath.

His first few months in the White House convinced the new President that something must be done without delay to relieve the building, which had become not only inconvenient but dangerous. For several years, when repairs had been found necessary, they had been made by temporary patchwork, with little reference to their effect on anything else; not a few of the floor timbers subject to most strain were badly rotted, and others stood in so perilous relations to the lighting apparatus that only by a miracle had the house escaped destruction by fire. Fortunately Congress had begun to show some interest in a long-mooted project for bringing the city back to the plan laid out by L'Enfant; and a generous appropriation was procured for making over the White House to resemble as nearly as practicable the President's Palace built by Hoban. All the latter half of 1902 was given to this work. The office was moved out of the main building and planted in a little house of its own on the same spot where Jefferson used to have his workroom, at the extremity of the western terrace. The eastern terrace, of which nothing but the buried foundations remained, was

rebuilt and so arranged as to afford an entrance for guests at the larger receptions.

Inside of the main house the old lines were kept intact as far as the comfort of its occupants would permit though the restoration did work some changes. The noble east room, which for many years was decorated in the style of the saloon of a river steamboat, wears now the air of simple elegance designed for it before steamboats were invented; and the state dining-room has been so enlarged that future Presidents will not be forced, on especially great occasions, to spread their tables in the east room in order to spare the diners the annoyance of bumping elbows. Upstairs the changes have been rather of function than of form. The room which, from Grant's day to McKinley's, was used for Cabinet meetings, and where our peace protocol with Spain was signed, is now a library; that in which Lincoln read to his official family the first draft of his Emancipation Proclamation is now a bedroom, and a like fate has befallen the former library, where Cleveland penned his Venezuela message. The old lines of partition, however, are all there. Logs still blaze and crackle in the fireplace beside which Jackson puffed his corncob pipe. The windows through which Lincoln looked over at the Virginia hills have not changed even the shape or size of their old-fashioned

panes. The places where our first royal guest slept, and where Garfield passed his long ordeal of suffering, remain bedchambers.

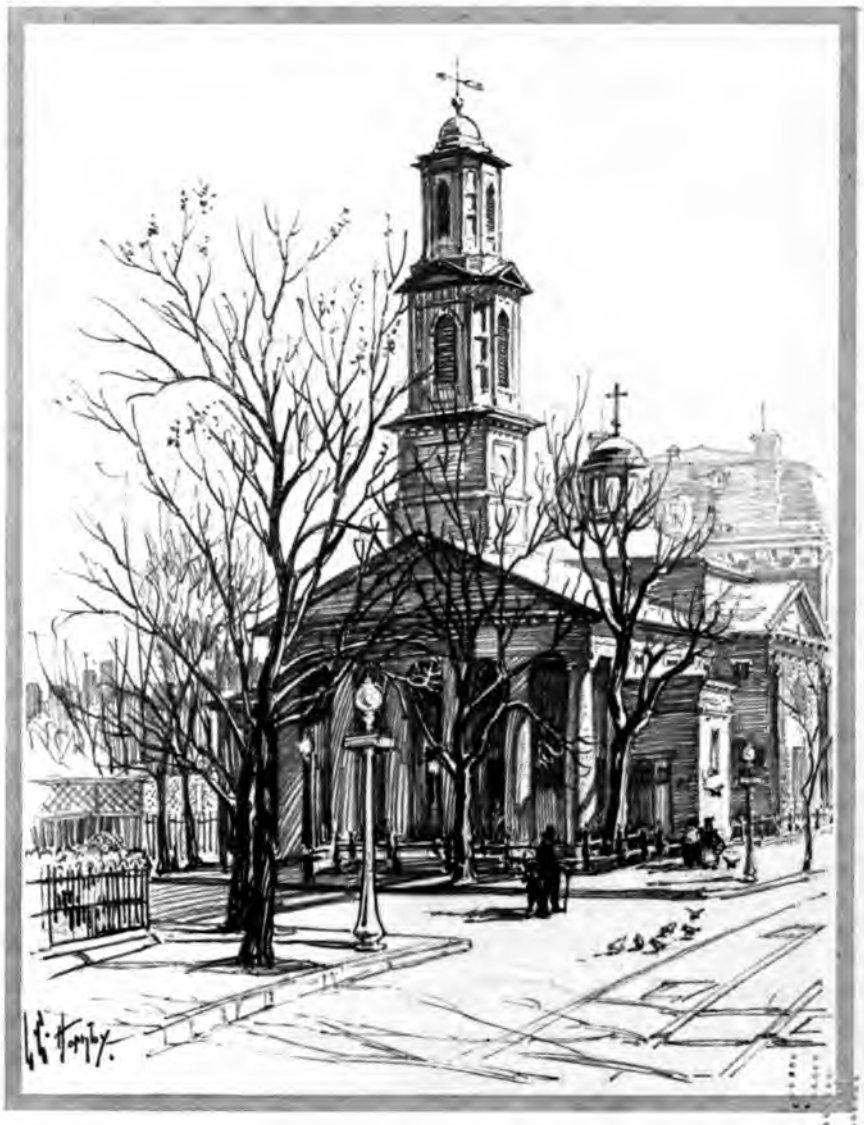
Mrs. Roosevelt, who loved the White House and had made a study of its architectural history, personally supervised every stage of its restoration. When the alterations were finished, she took the same interest in the process of refurnishing, so that the final product was, as nearly as modern conditions would permit, the White House of a century ago. The removal of needless obstructions was one of the most successful elements in the renovation, as it made possible the handling of a crowd of fifteen hundred or two thousand people without confusion. Socially, the Roosevelt administration was in every way the most brilliant Washington has ever known. Mrs. Roosevelt was a perfect hostess, and the many-sided President drew about him the leaders in every line of thought and action. In his democracy of companionship and his forceful way of doing whatever he laid his hand to, he was another Jackson; in his attraction for men of letters, students of statecraft, artists, and scientific workers, he revived the best traditions of Jefferson.

The four years of Taft are too fresh in the public memory to call for extended mention. Taft was forced to have his inauguration in the Senate Chamber on

account of the execrable weather, for the worst blizzard prevailed on the fourth of March, 1909, that had visited Washington for ten years. The railroads leading into the city were blockaded, so that many passengers who had come from a distance to attend the ceremony were compelled to forsake their trains a mile or more from their destination and plow their own way in, as the sole alternative of camping in the cars for an indefinite number of hours. Only by the utmost diligence on the part of the municipal laborers were the streets kept in condition for the parade to pass, and most of the spectators' stands erected on the sidewalks were utterly deserted. Mr. Roosevelt having announced, some time before, his intention to leave for New York as soon as he had seen his successor sworn in, Mrs. Taft made the drive between the Capitol and the White House by her husband's side.

Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, the next President, signalized his advent by notifying the citizens of Washington that he did not wish any inaugural ball, and the preparations already under way were abandoned. His administration is still writing its own history.

*St. John's, "the President's Church"*



## CHAPTER IX

### THE REGION 'ROUND ABOUT

NO American city has suburbs more interesting than Washington's. Those that hold first rank, naturally, are on the Virginia side of the Potomac, the region most redolent of the memory of the great patriot whose name was given to the capital. The Arlington estate, which lies nearest, was never the home of George Washington, but he visited it often, for it belonged by inheritance to the grandson of his wife by her earlier marriage; and George and Martha were so pleased with it that they built a little summer-house about where the flagstaff now stands, whence they could overlook the work going on in the new federal city across the river. Young George Custis, owner of the place, built the spacious dwelling substantially as we now find it, finishing it four years after Washington's death. He left the property to his daughter Mary, who in 1831 became the wife of Robert E. Lee, then a lieutenant in the regular army, but thirty years later commander-in-chief of the Confederate

forces. Their wedding took place in the old drawing-room, where visitors now register their names.

Lee had just reached colonel's rank when the Civil War broke out. He was opposed to secession, but, faithful to the traditions of State sovereignty in which he had been trained, decided that it was his duty to sacrifice all other ties and follow the fortunes of Virginia. After a painful interview with General Scott, who strove vainly to shake his resolution, he wrote, in the library across the hall from the drawing-room, his resignation of his commission in the United States army. Then, accompanied by his family, he set out for the South, never to return. In a few days the Federal troops took possession of the estate as important to the protection of Washington. Here McClellan worked out his plans for the reorganization of the Union army following the Bull Run disaster. A few years afterward, there being no one at hand to pay the war-tax laid on the land, it was sold under the hammer, and the Government bid it in. Before the sale had been definitely ordered, a Northern relative of the Lees came forward with an offer to pay the levy and costs, but the tax commissioners declined the tender on the ground that the delinquent taxpayer had not made it in person.

Meanwhile, the house had been turned into a mili-

tary hospital, and the patients who died there were buried close by. When it became necessary to have a soldiers' burial-ground near Washington, Quartermaster-general Meigs was permitted to lay off two hundred acres of the estate for the purpose. This was the beginning of the National Cemetery of to-day, where about eighteen thousand soldiers and sailors have found a last resting-place.

Some time after the war, General Lee's son brought suit for the recovery of the property and won it, the Supreme Court holding that the tax commissioners ought to have accepted the tender made them; but Mr. Lee compromised with the Government, conveying to it his interest for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Since then the house has been put into excellent repair, and the land about it suitably enclosed and improved. On the upper edge of the estate has been established the military post known as Fort Myer, where cavalry-training is carried to a high point, weather observations are made, and a wireless telegraph station exchanges despatches with the Eiffel tower in Paris. Some of the land down by the river has been made over into an experimental farm under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture.

Happily, the Cemetery has been kept free from tawdry memorials and inconsequential ornament, and

enveloped in an atmosphere of dignity well fitting its sacred character. Its most impressive tomb is that dedicated to the Unknown Dead, which contains the remains of more than two thousand soldiers found on various battlefields but never identified. "Their names and deaths," says the inscription, "are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as their noble army of martyrs." Not far away is a fine amphitheater with a carpet of turf and a canopy of trellised vines, where memorial exercises are held annually on Decoration Day, the President almost always taking part. There is also a Temple of Fame, bearing the names of Washington and Lincoln, with those of the military leaders who particularly distinguished themselves in the Civil War. An extension has recently been made in the grounds devoted to sepulture, where the most conspicuous monument is that which commemorates the tragedy of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor. The base is built to represent a gun-turret on the deck of a man-of-war; on this are inscribed the names of the victims, while from the center of the turret rises a mast with a fighting-top. A larger and more ambitious amphitheater, also, has been laid out in the extension.

From Arlington we can go, by the same road that Washington trod on his trips, to Alexandria, a town

which fairly reeks with associations, from the colonial names of some of its streets — King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Duke, Duchess, Royal — to its remnants of cobblestone pavement laid by the Hessian prisoners in the Revolution. Here is the old Carlyle mansion, where General Braddock had his headquarters before starting on his ill-fated expedition against the French and Indians. In its blue drawing-room Washington, as a young surveyor ambitious to serve his king, received the first rudiments of his military education; and at the foot of yonder staircase one evening stood the same Washington, expectant, while pretty Sally Fairfax tripped lightly down to join him and be led through the opening cotillion at her coming-out ball.

This must have been a splendid mansion in its time, with a terraced garden descending to the river-bank, and a fountain in the midst of the flower-beds. It was built on the ruins of a fort used by the early settlers against the Indians; the living-rooms of the fort became the cellar of the mansion, and the fort proper the plaza upon which the main hallway opens. You enter the house now through a cozy little tea-room established by a group of young ladies of Alexandria; and it may be your good fortune to be shown about the premises by one of them who is herself a member

of the historic Carlyle and Fairfax families and familiar with all their ancestral tales.

A prominent site in town is covered by Christ Church, where Washington worshiped, and where you can see the square family pew for which he paid the record price, thirty-six pounds and ten shillings. The church stands in a large, old-fashioned yard, sprinkled with the gravestones of men and women of local renown. Hither, on Sundays, drove the ladies from Mount Vernon, seven miles away, in a chariot with a mahogany body, green Venetian blinds, and pictured panels, drawn by four horses. The General did not take kindly to the coach for himself, but rode beside it on his favorite saddle-horse, followed at a respectful distance by Bishop, his colored body-servant, in scarlet livery. After service he would linger in the churchyard, chatting with his friends, till Bishop reminded him of the flight of time by bringing up his horse and holding the stirrup for him to mount.

A spirited historical controversy has been waged over the question of Washington's attitude toward religion. The weight of evidence favors the idea that, though not bound by dogma, he had a broad faith in the philosophy of Christianity, always knelt with the rest of the congregation and joined in the responses, and occasionally remained for the communion. He

certainly encouraged his slaves to believe in the efficacy of prayer; for once, when a long-continued drought threatened to ruin his crops, he called his farm-hands together on Sunday morning and bade them put up their united supplication for rain. They did so, and to their great delight the flood-gates of heaven suddenly opened and deluged the earth; but the Washington family were caught in the storm on their way home from church, and could not make shelter soon enough to save Mrs. Washington's best gown from serious damage or the General from being soaked to the skin.

In his younger days, Washington was fond of dancing, and used to come into town to attend assemblies at Clagett's Tavern. The assembly-hall was up-stairs. It was afterward divided into three rooms, one of which, having fallen into the hands of persons who respect its pedigree, has been pretty well preserved. In the old times it had at one end a gallery for the musicians, accessible only by a ladder, which was removed as soon as they were all in their places. This arrangement was designed to compel them to stay at their work till released, and to drink only what was passed up to them with the approval of the floor-committee.

Across the corridor from the old assembly-hall was

a chamber that later became interesting through its occupancy by an unknown woman who came to the tavern one morning in 1816, plainly in ill health. She was accompanied by a few servants, with whom she conversed only in French, and neither she nor they could be drawn into any communication with other persons, except what was necessary to engage accommodations and order meals. On the fourth day of her stay, there appeared on the scene a strange man, who from various indications was assumed to be her husband. An hour after his arrival she died in his arms. He buried her in St. Paul's cemetery on the outskirts of the town, planting a willow-tree over her grave, and raising at its head a stone inscribed to the memory simply of "A Female Stranger," with this stanza from Pope's "Unfortunate Lady":

> "How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,"
> To whom related, or by whom begot.
> A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
> 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

And the Female Stranger remains a mystery to this day, though many efforts have been made to discover her identity. A local suspicion that she was Theodosia Allston, the daughter of Aaron Burr, seems to be discredited by the fact that Theodosia's disappearance occurred in 1812, and that her husband was

dead long before the Stranger came to Clagett's Tavern.

How public-spirited a citizen Washington was is attested by his having laid the foundation of Alexandria's free-school system, presented the town with its first fire-engine, organized its first militia company, and got up a lottery to raise a fund for improving the country roads thereabout. He was an earnest Freemason, and the lodge named for him owns a number of relics like the chair in which he presided as Master, his apron, his wedding gloves, his spurs, his pruning-knife, and a penknife which his mother gave him when he was eleven years old and which he carried till he died. It has also the last authentic portrait of him taken from life, a pastel done by William Williams of Philadelphia.

In and around Alexandria are other points of interest, including the house in which Colonel Ellsworth was killed, and one where, it is said, Martha Washington secreted herself for a while during her widowhood for fear of a slave uprising; a theological seminary which has graduated, among other eminent divines, Bishops Phillips Brooks of Boston and Henry C. Potter of New York; and the nearly obliterated remains of the road which, in 1765, General Braddock began to build into the West.

We can go to Mount Vernon by boat, or over a road which Congress has repeatedly, but without effect, been petitioned to acquire and improve. Already a trolley company has recognized a public demand and is running cars on a regular schedule from the heart of the capital city to the borders of Washington's old estate. On the way down we pass Wellington, once the home of Tobias Lear, whom General Washington hired for two hundred dollars a year to act as tutor to the children at Mount Vernon, promoting him later to the post of private secretary. In both capacities, his employer provided, he "will sit at my table, will live as I live, will mix with the company who resort to the house, and will be treated in every respect with courtesy and proper attention." Lear married three wives, one of them a kinswoman of the General's. He acquired means, removed in later life to Washington, and became a merchant with a warehouse on the river. His tombstone in the Congressional Cemetery recites an overflowing list of his virtues and honors, and posterity owes him a large debt for having preserved many of the Washingtoniana most valued now by historians.

Mount Vernon became the property of the Washington family by a grant from Lord Culpepper in 1670 to John Washington, the great-grandfather of George.

It was christened in honor of Admiral Vernon, a friend of Lawrence Washington, the half-brother who brought George up and superintended his education. George, who received it by inheritance, willed it to his nephew Bushrod, he to his nephew John, and John to a son of the same name. Financial embarrassments led the last heir to part with some of the land; but to an area of a few hundred acres, including the mansion, the family tomb, and the wharf on the Potomac, he held fast till arrangements could be made for its purchase by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, a society of patriotic women who, with money privately raised, have restored the place and kept it in order ever since. There is good reason to doubt whether this would ever have come about but for the heroic energy of Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, who, though a confirmed invalid, devised and executed a plan which saved the estate from being sold to a professional showman.

Just as in Alexandria we found ourselves in touch with a George Washington who was a flesh-and-blood Virginian as distinguished from the colorless paragon of the standard histories, so at Mount Vernon we meet the same Washington in his character of husband, farmer, and host. Even here, however, we are not wholly beyond the penumbra of fiction; for only five

miles away is the town of Pohick, once the parish seat of Parson Weems, the inventor of the cherry-tree myth on which my generation were industriously fed. Although, of course, no one still living in the region can remember Washington, there are not a few who are familiar with the details of his daily life, handed down in their families from ancestors who did remember him. These make him out a very human country gentleman, who loved to ride, to shoot, to fence, and to wrestle; who mixed business with pleasure in an occasional horse-race or real estate speculation; who disbelieved in slavery, and was recognized by his own two hundred bondmen as a kind master, yet was noted for getting more work out of a negro than any other slaveholder in Virginia, and for not hesitating to administer corporal punishment to one who deserved it.

We learn from these sources that he was "as straight as an Indian, and as free in his walk"; that he was what the ladies of that day, in spite of some marks left by the smallpox, styled "a pretty man"; that his weight of two hundred and ten pounds was all bone and muscle; and that he stood six feet and two inches tall in his shoes, which ranged in size from Number eleven to Number thirteen. His hands seem to have been his only physical deformity; they were so large

as to attract attention and required gloves made expressly for them, three sizes larger than ordinary. His eyes are variously described as "blue," as "of a bluish cast and very lively," as "a cold, light gray," and as "so gray that they looked almost white." These alternatives may be reconciled, perhaps, by Gilbert Stuart's recollection that his eyes were "a light grayish blue, deep sunken in their sockets, giving the expression of gravity of thought." His hair was originally dark brown and fairly thick; his face was long, his nose prominent, his mouth large, and his chin firm. He suffered a good deal with toothache, particularly after his military service, and, as the rural remedy was the simplest known, he passed his last years almost toothless. This drove at least one portrait-painter into padding the front of his mouth with cotton wool, to make his lips look more natural than they did when drawn over the ill-fitting artificial teeth which he inserted for state occasions.

The great man lived well, his principal meal being a three o'clock dinner, which he washed down with five glasses of Madeira, taken with dessert. This allowance he gradually increased toward the close of his life till it reached two bottles. In sending away for sale a slave whom, though troublesome, he guaranteed as "exceedingly healthy, strong and good at

the hoe," he expressed his willingness to take in part payment "a hogshead of the best rum" and an indefinite quantity of "good old spirits." In our gout-fearing era, these data have the ring of immoderate indulgence, but measured by the standards of the eighteenth century they were temperate enough. It must be said for the General, also, that he was charitable in his judgment of the weaknesses of others, as shown by his contract with an overseer, to whom he conceded the privilege of getting drunk for a week once a year; and his campaign expenses for election to the Virginia legislature embraced a hogshead and a barrel of punch, thirty-five gallons of wine, and forty-three gallons of strong cider.

It makes us feel a little nearer to the Father of our Country to learn that he was not immune to the influence of bright eyes and dainty toilets; that he was in love, or fancied he was, with several different damsels at as many different times; and that his self-surrender occasionally declared itself in amatory verse too dreadful for belief. His most serious infatuation seems to have been with a Miss Cary, whom he courted fervently, only to be dismissed by her father with the sordid reminder: "My daughter, sir, has been accustomed to ride in her own coach!" As this was a knock-down argument for a stripling surveyor who

*Ford's Theatre, the Old Front*

was just struggling to raise his professional terms to twenty-five dollars a day when employed, he went his way, but sought consolation in winning Martha Custis, who resembled Miss Cary almost as a twin sister.

Of Mary Washington, mother of George, we get glimpses in the familiar chat of the vicinage. She appears as a rather difficult person, who tried the methodical soul of her son by her thriftless habits and her incessant complaints of being out of money. For years he did his utmost to induce her to rent her plantation further down the State, hire out her slaves, and live on her fixed income thus obtained, but to no purpose. Yet after he had become so famous that he was obliged to entertain at Mount Vernon all the traveling celebrities of two hemispheres, she suddenly took it into her head that she would like to come and live with him. In spite of his filial piety, candor compelled him to show her the impracticability of her proposal; and, though he tried to soften her disappointment by sending her the last seventy-five dollars in his purse, she seems to have continued dissatisfied.

George was not stingy. On the contrary, on each of three plantations which he farmed he kept one crib of corn always set apart for free distribution among the poor, and never let this fail, even if he had to rob

his own table supply or to buy corn at a dollar a bushel to make up a deficit. He was not a rich man, but for sentimental reasons held on to Mount Vernon after it had ceased to be profitable property. At his death, he was worth only about seventy-five thousand dollars in his own right, and, had he lived ten years longer at the same rate, he would have died a bankrupt. It was his wife's better investments that kept up the expenses of their home.

As we go over the old mansion, we are shown the various rooms associated with Washington's activities, and that in which his death occurred. Notwithstanding his sturdy muscular development, his throat and chest were always weak spots; and in 1799, after a soaking and chill from a ride through a December storm, he went to bed with a cold which left him unable to swallow. Soon he realized that the end was not far off. It was characteristic of the man that he should then discharge the doctors from further useless ministrations, give such directions about his burial as he deemed important, and calmly proceed to watch the waning of his own pulse. After a little the hand that held his wrist relaxed and dropped upon the coverlet, and the friends gathered in the chamber knew that all was over.

On the Maryland side of the Potomac, the suburb

most convenient of access is Georgetown. In fact, it long ago ceased to be strictly a suburb, by incorporation with the city of Washington, from which it was separated only by Rock Creek, a narrow tributary of the Potomac. Officially, it is now West Washington, and its streets have been renamed and renumbered so as to conform as nearly as practicable to the system in use in the capital. All the same, Georgetown has never lost its identity. It had a life of its own before Washington was thought of; and within my recollection the old society of Georgetown used to look askance at the "new people" with whom Washington was filling up. It is still sprinkled with hoary houses set in quaint ancestral gardens, though modernism has touched the place at so many points that we can get a glimpse of these survivals sometimes only through deep vistas lined with the red brick side-walls of urban blocks. The most attractive of the old mansions, and the best preserved, is the Tudor house, built by Doctor William Thornton about 1810. It is a good specimen from the Georgian epoch in architecture, standing fitly in the midst of a great square of lawn, with shade trees and box hedges to correspond; and one of its traditions is that pretty little Nellie Custis went there to her first ball, though — but I leave others to struggle with the problem of conflicting dates. One

thing we do know, that the place has always been in the possession of kinsfolk of the Mount Vernon family.

Many amusing stories are told of Georgetown's early days, when the Scotch element were so strong in its population that a man could not be appointed to the office of flour inspector without subscribing to a test oath declaring his disbelief in the doctrine of "transsubstantiation in the sacrament of the Lord's supper"; when the city fathers sought to save the expense of employing a surveyor to calculate the width of the Potomac at a point where a bridge was to be built, by ordering out all good citizens to pull at the opposite ends of a measuring-rope; and when the big triangle which was pounded as an alarm of fire fell from the belfry in which it hung, and fire-alarms were sounded thereafter by blowing a fish-horn through the streets. But none of these tales will have an interest for most visitors equal to the local version of the origin of the "Star-Spangled Banner." For Georgetown was Francis Scott Key's old home.

As the story goes, part of the British forces which marched upon Washington in the summer of 1814 passed through Upper Marlboro, Maryland, on a day when Doctor William Beanes, a prominent physician, was entertaining several friends at dinner. As the gentlemen talked, they grew more and more

indignant against the invaders, and, news being brought to them at table that a few red-coated stragglers were still in town committing depredations after the main body of their comrades had passed on, some one suggested that the party go out and arrest these men as disturbers of the peace. This was done, but to little effect; for as soon as the stragglers got away, they hastened to catch up with the army and lodge a complaint with their officers, who at once sent back a squad of soldiers to arrest the arresters. Three of the dining party, including Beanes, were carried off to Admiral Cockburn's flagship, which was lying in the Patuxent River. Cockburn, after administering a disciplinary lecture to the trio, dismissed the others but took Beanes as a prisoner on his ship to Baltimore.

Key, who was Beanes's nephew, hastened to Baltimore as soon as he heard of the doctor's plight, and under a flag of truce went aboard the vessel to intercede with Cockburn for his uncle's release. His plea was vain; and Cockburn would not even let him go ashore again till after the bombardment of Fort McHenry. When Key returned to Georgetown, he related his adventures at the next meeting of the local glee-club, and his fellow members urged him to put his narrative into verse. He read his produc-

tion at a later meeting, and the club introduced it to the public, who adopted it as the national anthem.

Among the noted names associated with Georgetown, outside of political life, may be mentioned those of Joel Benton, the poet and essayist, who bought a farm on the Washington side of Rock Creek, since famous as the Kalorama estate; Robert Fulton, the pioneer in steam navigation, who made some of his early experiments with water-craft and submarine explosives on the small streams of the neighborhood; George Peabody, financier and philanthropist, who came as a poor boy from Massachusetts and worked as a clerk in a store in Bridge Street; William W. Corcoran, whose later career somewhat resembled Peabody's, and whose real start in life dated from the failure of a little shop he kept in the heart of the town; and, last but not least, a youthful belle whose romance demands a paragraph or two of its own.

Baron Bodisco, Russian Minister to the United States during the Van Buren administration, lived, as did most of the foreign envoys of that time, in Georgetown. He was a bachelor, well on toward sixty years of age, uncompromisingly ugly, with a face covered with wrinkles, and a bald head which he tried to conceal under a somewhat obtrusive wig. He had for visitors one winter two young nephews,

for whom he gave a dancing party at the legation, inviting all the socially eligible boys and girls in town. By some accident, one of his invitations miscarried and failed to reach Harriet Beall Williams, a most attractive and popular schoolgirl of sixteen. He hastened to repair his error as soon as he discovered it, and on the evening of the party hunted her up to make his apologies in person. It was a case of love at first sight. After that he contrived to meet her occasionally on her way to or from school, and ere long he became an avowed suitor for her hand. The courtship, though not displeasing to the girl, was for some time discouraged by her family. Finding her resolved to accept her elderly lover, however, they withdrew their active opposition, and Beauty and the Beast, as they were commonly called, were married in June.

The Baron, who had excellent taste in everything except his own make-up, superintended all the details of the affair, even to the costumes of the bridal party. The bridesmaids were schoolmates of Miss Williams, one being Jessie Benton, then aged fourteen, who afterward became the wife of General John C. Fremont. The groomsmen were generally contemporaries of the groom, so that the note of age disparity was uniform throughout. President

Van Buren and Henry Clay were conspicuous among the guests. At the first opportunity, the Baron took his bride to Russia and presented her at court, where she electrified the assembled nobility by shaking the Czar's hand in cordial American fashion. It delighted the Czar, however, which was more to the point; and, although she did many unusual things, like declining the Czarina's invitation to a Sunday function because she had been brought up to "keep the Sabbath," she became a great favorite in the inner imperial circle, and loved to dwell on her foreign experiences after she came back to Georgetown to live. The Bodisco house is still pointed out to strangers.

Not all the historic associations of Georgetown and its neighborhood have been so peaceful. For a few miles out of town the river's edge is dotted with sequestered nooks to which hot-brained gentlemen could retire on occasion, to wipe out their grievances in one another's blood. The Little Falls bridge afforded such a retreat to Henry Clay and John Randolph after Randolph's speech declaring that the "alphabet that writes the name of Thersites, of blackguard, of squalidity, refuses her letters for" Clay. The combatants took the precaution to cross the bridge far enough to avoid the jurisdiction of the District au-

thorities. Clay's first shot cut Randolph's coat near the hip, Randolph's did nothing. At the second word, Clay's bullet went wild, and Randolph deliberately sent his into the air, remarking: "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay!" At the same time he advanced with hand outstretched, Clay meeting him halfway. Randolph, as they were leaving the field, pointed to the hole made by Clay's first bullet, saying jocosely: "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay." "I am glad, sir," answered Clay, "that the debt is no greater."

The subject of duels calls to mind another suburb, to wit, Bladensburg, Maryland, where the defenders of Washington made their brief and ineffectual stand against the invading British in 1814. Here, for sixty years, in a green little dell about a mile out of town, all sorts of personal and political feuds were settled with deadly weapons. The most celebrated of these meetings was that of March 22, 1820, between two Commodores of the American navy, Stephen Decatur and James Barron. Like most duels, it was more the work of mischief-makers than of the principals themselves.

Decatur was at the height of his fame for achievements in the War of 1812 and against the Barbary pirates; he was a fine marksman with the pistol, and had had several earlier experiences on the duel-

ing-field. Barron, on the other hand, was under a cloud for some professional mistakes; he was six years Decatur's senior, had no taste for dueling, and was near-sighted. Down to the last, Barron was plainly disposed to accept any reasonable concession and call the affair off; but Decatur was in high spirits and full of confidence.

Two shots rang out simultaneously, and both men fell. Decatur, who was at first supposed to be dead, presently showed signs of returning animation and was lifted to his feet, only to stagger a few paces toward his antagonist and fall again. As the two men lay side by side, Barron turned his face to say to Decatur that he hoped, when they met in another world, they would be better friends than in this. Decatur responded that he had never been Barron's enemy, and, though he cherished no animosity to Barron for killing him, he found it harder to forgive the men who had goaded them into this quarrel. Both combatants were carried back to Washington, where Barron slowly recovered from his wound; but Decatur, after a day of intense suffering, died in the house which still bears his name, at the corner of Jackson Place and H Street.

So habitually was this one ravine chosen for the settlement of affairs of honor that when two Repre-

sentatives, Jonathan Cilley of Maine and William J. Graves of Kentucky, decided in 1838 to end a dispute with rifles, they outwitted pursuit by choosing for their fight the eastern end of the Anacostia bridge on the high-road to Marlboro, Maryland; and a posse who started out to stop them went to the accustomed ground only to find it empty. This duel had naught of the dramatic quality of that between Decatur and Barron, but its effect on the public mind proved more far-reaching. Cilley was a young man of brilliant promise, highly respected as well as popular, with a wife and three little children. The quarrel was forced upon him because, in the interest of the proper dignity of Congress, he objected to a proposed investigation by the House of some vague and irresponsible insinuations made in a recent newspaper letter against sundry members who were not named or otherwise identified. Graves insisted that this speech was an insult to the author of the article, whose championship he gratuitously undertook.

The first two shots were thrown away on both sides. At the third fire, Cilley fell upon his face, his adversary's bullet having killed him instantly. When the news of his death spread through Washington, indignation against Graves rose to fever heat, and his public career ended with that hour. The

wantonness of such a sacrifice of a useful life, where the writer who figured as the cause of the quarrel did not even take a part in it, gave special point to the condemnation of the false standard of honor set up by the "code." The funeral services for Cilley at the Capitol were attended by the President and Cabinet, in testimony to the high esteem in which he had universally been held; while the Supreme Court declined its invitation in a body, as the most emphatic means of expressing its abhorrence of glossing murder with a thin coat of etiquette. Ministers, not only in Washington but in all the more highly civilized parts of the country, denounced dueling from the pulpit, newspapers published editorials and associations adopted resolutions against it, additional legislation for the abolition of the practice was introduced in various legislatures, and Congress passed an act to punish, with a term in the penitentiary, the sending or acceptance of a challenge in the District of Columbia.

*Stage Entrance through which Booth Escaped*

## CHAPTER X

### MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES

AMONG the projects in the minds of the founders of the federal city was a monument to celebrate the success of the American Revolution. George Washington personally selected the site for it, due south of the center of the President's House. Meanwhile the Continental Congress had recommended the erection of an equestrian statue of General Washington, and, immediately after his death, the Congress then in session resolved to rear a monument under which his body should be entombed. But, though resolutions were cheap, monuments were costly, and the project gradually faded out of mind till revived in 1816 by a member of Congress from South Carolina. Still nothing happened, till another generation devised a plan for raising the money by popular subscription without waiting longer for a Government appropriation. The Washington Monument Society was organized with a membership fee of one dollar, so as to give every American oppor-

tunity to subscribe. By 1848 a sufficient fund had been collected to spur Congress into presenting a site; and the spot chosen was that marked by Washington for the monument to the Revolution, thus happily combining his plan with the nation's tribute to himself. Tests of the ground showed that, in order to get a safe footing, it would be necessary to move a little further to the eastward, which accounts for the present monument's being not quite on the short axis of the White House.

For the original plan of a statue, an obelisk of granite and marble was substituted, which by its simplicity of lines, its towering height, and its purity of color, should symbolize the exceptional character and services of the foremost American. The building fund held out pretty well till a politico-religious quarrel arose over the acceptance, for incorporation in the monument, of a fine block of African marble sent by the Pope; and on Washington's birthday, 1855, a Know-Nothing mob descended upon the headquarters of the Society, seized its books and papers, and took forcible possession of the monument. The Know-Nothing party ended its political existence three years later, and the monument went back to its former custodians; but the riotous demonstration had checked the orderly progress of the

work, and, as the Civil War was imminent, the shaft, then one hundred seventy-eight feet high, was roofed over to await the return of normal conditions. It was not till 1876 that, under the patriotic impetus of the centenary, Congress was induced to coöperate. The work was vigorously pushed from 1880 to 1884; and in the spring of 1885, when it had attained a height of five hundred fifty-five feet and five and five-tenths inches, occurred the formal dedication of the Washington National Monument as we see it to-day.

For the benefit of any one whose pleasure in a masterpiece is measured with a plummet, it may be noted that the Monument falls less than fifty feet short of the Tower of Babel; to him who revels in terms of distance, the glistening pile will appeal on the ground that it is visible from a crest of the Blue Ridge Mountains, more than forty miles away as the bee flies. But most of its neighbors in Washington find it for other reasons an unceasing joy. To us it is more truly at the heart of things than even the Capitol. It is the hoary sentinel at our water-gate; or, spread the city out like a fan, and the Monument is the pivot which holds the frame together.

The visitor who has seen it once has just begun to see it. A smooth-faced obelisk, devoid of ornament,

it would appear the stolidest object in the landscape; in truth, it is as versatile as the clouds. Every change in your position reveals it in a new phase. Go close to it and look up, and its walls seem to rise infinitely and dissolve into the atmosphere; stand on the neighboring hills, and you are tempted to throw a stone over its top; sail down the Potomac, and the slender white shaft is still sending its farewells after you when the city has passed out of sight. It plays chameleon to the weather. It may be gay one moment and grave the next, like the world. Sometimes, in the varying lights, it loses its perspective and becomes merely a flat blade struck against space; an hour later, every line and seam is marked with the crispness of chiseled sculpture. On a fair morning, it is radiant under the first beams of the rising sun; in the full of the moon, it is like a thing from another world — cold, shimmering, unreal. Often in the spring and fall its peak is lost in vapor, and the shaft looks as if it were a tall, thin Ossa penetrating the home of the gods. Again, with its base wrapped in fog and its summit in cloud, it is a symbol of human destiny, emerging from one mystery only to pass into another. Always the same, yet never twice alike, it is to the old Washingtonian a being instinct with life, a personality to be known and loved. It

has relatively little to tell the passing stranger, but many confidences for the friend of years.

To realize all that it is to us, you must see it on a changeable day. Come with me then to the Capitol, whence, from an outlook on the western terrace, we face a thick and troubled sky. The air is murky. Clouds fringed with gray fleece, which have been hanging so low as to hide the apex of the Monument, are folding back upon themselves in the southern heavens, forming a rampart dark and forbidding. Against this the obelisk is projected, having caught and held one ray of pure sunshine which has found an opening and shot through like a searchlight. It is plain that an atmospheric battle is at hand. The garrulous city seems struck dumb; the timid trees are shivering with apprehension; the voice of the wind is half sob and half warning. The search-ray vanishes as the door of the cloud fort is closed and the rumbling of the bolts is heard behind it. The landscape in the background is blotted from view by eddies of yellow dust, as if a myriad of horsemen were making a tentative charge. Silent and unmoved, the obelisk stands there, a white warrior bidding defiance to the forces of sky and earth. As the subsiding dust marks the retreat of the cavalry, the artillery opens fire. First one masked porthole

and then another belches flame, but the sharp crash or dull roar which follows passes quite unnoticed by the champion. Then comes the rattle of musketry, as a sheet of hail sweeps across the field.

We are not watching a combat, only an assault, for these demonstrations call forth no response. On the champion — taking everything, giving nothing — the only effect they produce is a change of color from snowy white to ashen gray. Even that is but for a moment. As the storm of hail melts into a shower of limpid raindrops to which the relieved trees open their palms, the wind ceases its wailing, and the wall of cloud falls apart to let the sun's rays through once more.

The Monument is, of course, only one of many memorials to great men in Washington. We have heroes and philanthropists, poets and physicians, soldiers and men of science, mounted and afoot, standing and sitting. We have horses in every posture that will hold a rider: Jackson's balanced on its hind legs like the toy charger on the nursery mantelpiece; Washington's getting ready to try the same trick; Sheridan's dashing along the line to the lilt of Buchanan Read's poem; Pulaski's, Greene's and McPherson's, Hancock's and McClellan's and Logan's, walking calmly over the field; Scott's and

Sherman's watching the parade. The best equestrian statue is that of General George H. Thomas, by Quincy Ward, at the junction of Massachusetts Avenue with Fourteenth Street. Here we have the acme of art in treating such a subject: spirit coupled with repose. The horse has been moving, but has been checked by the rider to give him a chance to look about; they could go on the next moment if need be, or they could stand indefinitely just as they are.

The Scott statue, at Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street, is good if we take it apart and examine it piecemeal; but the massive rider threatens to break down his slender-limbed steed, which is, by some mischance, of the mare's build and not the stallion's. General Sheridan, who used to live within a stone's throw of this statue, lay while ill in a bedroom commanding a view of it. "I hope," he remarked one day, "that if a grateful country ever commemorates me in bronze, it will give me a better mount than old Scott's!" It is hard to find anything new to do with a general officer and a horse without putting them into some impossible attitude. A sculptor who attempts a reasonable innovation is liable to be snubbed for it, as one was not long ago when he offered in competition a statue of General

Grant, dismounted, with his bridle swung over one of his arms while he used the other hand to hold his field-glass.

Some of the best-known statues in the city have attracted as much attention by their travels as by their artistic qualities. One of these is Greenough's colossal marble presentment of George Washington, which visitors to the Capitol ten years ago will recall as standing in the open space facing the main east portico. Greenough was in Italy in 1835, when it was ordered, and spent eight years on its production. It shows Washington seated, nude to the waist, and below that draped in a flowing robe. It weighed, when finished, twelve tons without a pedestal, and required twenty-two yoke of oxen to haul from Florence to Genoa. Peasants who saw it on the way took it for the image of some mighty saint, and dropped upon their knees and crossed themselves as it passed. The man-of-war which was waiting for it at Genoa had no hatchway large enough to take it in, so a merchant vessel had to be chartered for its voyage to America. Arrived at the Capitol, where it was intended to stand in the center of the rotunda, it could not be squeezed through the doors, and the masonry had to be cut away. Then it was discovered that it was causing the floor to settle, and a lot of

shoring had to be done in the crypt underneath. Finally, as it was not suited to its place, the masonry around the doorway was ripped out again, and the statue was set up in the plaza, where it remained till 1908, the sport of rains and frosts and souvenir-maniacs, when it took what every one hopes will be its last journey — to the National Museum. The original purpose of Congress was to have a "pedestrian statue" costing, all told, five thousand dollars. What has eventuated is Washington's head set on a torso of Jupiter Tonans, costing, with all its traveling expenses, more than fifty thousand dollars.

Another peregrinating statue is that of Thomas Jefferson, which stands to-day against the east wall of the rotunda. In 1833 it occupied the center of this room. When Greenough's Washington was brought in, Jefferson was removed to the Library of Congress, which was then housed in the rooms of the west front of the Capitol. In 1850 it was carried up to the White House and planted in the middle of the north garden. It held that site for twenty-four years and then came back to the rotunda, from which there is no reason to think it will be moved again.

The only parallel to these instances of frequent shifts in the local art world is the case of a painting entitled "Love and Life," presented by the English

artist, George F. Watts, to our Government. Mr. Cleveland, who was President at the time, hung it in the White House, but the prudish comments passed upon it by visitors led to its transfer to the Corcoran Gallery of Art. In the Roosevelt administration it made three trips, first to the White House, then back to the Corcoran Gallery, and then to the White House again, where it rested till President Taft came in, only to be rebanished to the Corcoran Gallery. President Wilson had it returned to the White House, and there it is at the present writing.

Although there has never been in Washington a definite scheme for the location of statues, which have been planted, hit or miss, wherever space offered, accident has arranged a few of them so as to form a rather remarkable historical series. Starting with the Washington National Monument, in honor of the foremost figure in the Revolution and the President who set in motion the machinery of the embryo republic, we pass directly northward to the White House, home of all his successors in the Presidency and emblematic of the civil government which emerged from the War for Independence. A few hundred feet further northward stands the statue of Andrew Jackson, the hero of the War of 1812, the first fought by the United States as a nation. About

a half-mile more to the north we reach the statue of Winfield Scott, the general whose capture of Mexico City ended the second foreign war in which the nation engaged. All that is needed to complete this remarkable procession is a memorial arch on Sixteenth Street heights, to the soldiers and sailors on both sides of the Civil War which cemented the Union begun under Washington.

Strange to say, the city which best knew Lincoln and Grant has had, up to this time, no out-of-doors statue whatever of Grant and no adequate one of Lincoln. In Lincoln Park, about a mile east of the Capitol, is the Emancipation statue, and in front of the City Hall there is an insignificant standing figure of Lincoln, perched on a pillar so high that the features can be seen only dimly. A statue of Grant will later occupy the central pedestal of a group in the little park at the foot of the western slope of the Capitol grounds, which it is proposed to call Union Square. On either side of Grant, the plan originally was to place Sherman and Sheridan; but as the Sherman and Sheridan statues already set up elsewhere are so diverse in character, it has been questioned whether they would fit into the Union Square group. After many suggestions, controversies, and reports, Congress decided, a year or

bill. The present Library of Congress is, in a like manner, a monument to the late Bernard R. Green, whose engineering skill and administrative faculty performed a feat corresponding to General Meigs's; it reminds us, also, of Thomas Jefferson, whose private library, purchased after the burning of the Capitol, formed the nucleus of the present magnificent collection. The Soldiers' Home, near the north boundary of the city, commemorates General Scott's success in Mexico, the tribute he exacted there for a breach of truce being used in founding this beautiful retreat, where veterans of the regular army may pass their declining years in comfort.

Few people, probably, are aware that the Smithsonian Institution, whose fame is as wide as civilization, owes its origin to the rejection of a manuscript prepared for publication. James Smithson, an Englishman of means, who had been a frequent contributor to the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, sent in, a little less than a century ago, a paper which the censors refused to print; and its author avenged the affront by altering his will, in which he had bequeathed his entire fortune to the Society, so as to throw the reversion to the United States, a country he had never seen, to be used for "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of

knowledge among men." Congress had a long quibble about the disposal of the money, but at last hit upon a plan, and since then has turned over much of the public scientific research work to be performed "under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution." The accumulation of trophies of exploration, historical relics, and gifts of objects of art and industry from foreign potentates, presently overflowed the accommodations of the Institution proper, and a National Museum was built to house these treasures. The Smithsonian commemorates not only the beneficence of Smithson, but the great achievements of its several executive heads, like Joseph Henry's in electromagnetism, Spencer F. Baird's in the culture of fish as a source of food-supply, and Samuel P. Langley's in aërial navigation and the standardization of time.

The old City Hall, better known now as the District Court House, will be remembered as the place where the first President Harrison probably caught the cold which resulted in his death. It has a tragic association with another President, also, for in one of its court-rooms was conducted the trial of Guiteau for assassinating James A. Garfield. This trial excited vigorous comment throughout the country by what seemed to many critics an unwarrantable latitude allowed the defendant for self-exploitation.

*Rendezvous of the Lincoln Conspirators*

Judge Walter T. Cox, who presided, was one of the ablest and most conscientious jurists who ever sat on the Supreme bench of the District. From personal attendance on the trial, I feel sure that the course pursued by him was the only one which could have given the jury a sure ground for dooming the assassin to death; and it was doubtless a realization of that fact which held in check the mob spirit that began to show itself at one stage and threatened to save the Government the trouble of putting up a gallows. The popular rancor against Guiteau was so strong that in order to get him safely into the Court House from the "black Maria" which brought him from the jail every morning, and to reverse the operation at the close of every day's session, the vehicle was backed up within about twenty feet of one of the basement doors, and a double file of police, standing shoulder to shoulder with clubs drawn, made a narrow little lane through which he was rushed at a quickstep, his face blanched with terror, and his furtive eyes fixed on the earth.

Another historical incident is associated with the old building, to which many attribute the final resolve of President Lincoln to issue his Emancipation Proclamation. I refer to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. A bill to this end, introduced

by Henry Wilson in December, 1861, was hotly debated in Congress but finally passed, and was signed on April 16, 1862. Only loyal owners were to be paid for their slaves, and every applicant for compensation had to take an iron-clad oath of allegiance to the Government. The whole business was handled by a board of three commissioners, who employed for their assistance an experienced slave-dealer imported from Baltimore. They met in one of the court-rooms, and the dealer put the negroes through their paces just as he had been accustomed to in the heyday of his trade, making them dance to show their suppleness and bite various tough substances as a test of the soundness of their teeth. Many of the black men and women came into the room singing hosannas to glorify the dawn of freedom. The highest appraisement of any slave was seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars for a good blacksmith; the lowest was ten dollars and ninety-five cents for a baby. These were about half the prices which would have been brought but for the fact that only one million dollars was appropriated, whereas the total estimated value of the slaves paid for was nearer two million, and all payments had to be scaled accordingly.

A remarkable feature of this episode was the discovery of how many slaveholders there were who

were not white people. Now and then in the past, when for some special reason a negro had been freed, he would save his earnings till he had accumulated enough to buy his wife and children, who still remained in bondage to him till he saw fit to manumit them. One case which attracted wide attention was that of a woman who had bought her husband, a graceless scamp who proceeded to celebrate his good fortune by becoming an incorrigible drunkard. This had so outraged the feelings of his wife that she had finally sold him to a dealer who was picking up a boatload of cheap slaves to carry south. From that hour she had lost sight of him; but she haunted the commissioners' sessions from day to day in the hope that the Government, now that it was going into the slave-buying business, might give her a little addition to the bargain price at which she had sold the old man.

Judiciary Square, in which the Court House and the Pension Office stand, was, when Chief Justice Taney lived in Indiana Avenue, a neighborhood of consequence. Several of the older buildings thereabout exhale a flavor of fifty or sixty years ago, and tradition connects them with such personages as Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Thomas H. Benton, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Fremont, and John A. Dix.

Opposite the east park of the Capitol, as we have already seen, stands the Old Capitol, a building with a variegated history. It was erected for the accommodation of Congress after the burning of the Capitol by the British. In it Henry Clay passed some years of his Speakership, and till very lately there was a scar on the wall of one of the rooms which was said to have been made by his desk. Under its roof the first Senators from Indiana, Illinois, and Mississippi took their seats. In front of it, President Monroe was inaugurated. After Congress left it to return to the restored Capitol, it was rented for a boarding-house, patronized chiefly by Senators and Representatives. Here John C. Calhoun lived for some time, and here he died. In one of the rooms, Persico, the Italian sculptor, worked out the model of his "Discoverer." In another, Ann Royall edited her *Huntress*.

After the Civil War broke out, the Old Capitol was turned into a jail for the confinement of military offenders who were awaiting trial by court-martial, and for Confederate spies and other persons accused of unlawfully giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Belle Boyd, who was locked up there for a while, has left us her impressions of the place as "a vast brick building, like all prisons, somber, chilling, and re-

pulsive." She describes William P. Wood, who was superintendent of the prison, as "having a humane heart beneath a rough exterior." Every Sunday he used to provide facilities for religious worship to his compulsory guests, announcing the hours and forms in characteristic fashion: "All you who want to hear the word of God preached according to Jeff Davis, go down into the yard; and all of you who want to hear it preached according to Abe Lincoln, go into No. 16." In the jail yard Henry Wirz, who had been the keeper of the Confederate military prison at Andersonville, Georgia, where so many Union soldiers died of starvation and disease, was hanged for murder. At the close of the war the building was divided into a block of dwellings, of which the southernmost was long the home of the late Justice Field of the Supreme Court. The Justice used to enjoy telling his visitors about the distinguished men from the South who, after dining at his table, had roamed over the premises and located their one-time places of confinement.

The oldest house of worship in Washington is St. Paul's, a spireless Protestant Episcopal church not far from the Soldiers' Home. It stands well toward the rear of the Rock Creek Cemetery, which also contains the world-famous bronze by St. Gaudens,

in the Adams lot. This is a seated female figure, in flowing classic drapery, to which no one has ventured to attach a permanent title, though it has been variously known as "Grief" and "The Peace of God." St. Paul's goes back to the colonial era and was built of brick imported from England. A younger church, nevertheless numbered among the oldest relics of its class within the city proper, is St. John's, at the corner of Sixteenth and H streets. It was designed by Latrobe about the time he undertook the restoration of the Capitol and was consecrated in 1816. It has long been called "the President's church" because so many tenants of the White House, just across Lafayette Square, have worshiped in it.

Madison and Monroe were the first, and the vestry soon set apart one pew to be preserved always for the free use of the reigning Presidential family. John Quincy Adams was a Unitarian, but came to the afternoon services; and Jackson, though a Methodist, was frequently to be seen there. Van Buren was a constant attendant both as Vice-president and as President. William Henry Harrison, for the month he lived in Washington, came regularly, regardless of the weather or his state of health; and he was to have been confirmed the very week he died. Tyler was a member of the congregation. Polk had other

affiliations, but Taylor, Fillmore, and Buchanan used the President's pew. Then came a break in the line till Arthur entered the White House; and his retirement appears to have been followed by another lapse in the succession till Mrs. Roosevelt revived it. Her husband used to accompany her from time to time, though he retained his active connection with the Reformed (Dutch) communion. Since the Roosevelts, the line has been broken again. John Quincy Adams became so fond of St. John's that, when he returned to Washington as a Representative, he renewed his Sunday visits. He paid close attention to the preliminary service but seemed to sleep through the sermon, though he was usually able to repeat the next day, with considerable accuracy, the main things the minister had said.

This whole neighborhood bristles with memories of great people. The old Tayloe mansion was styled, in its later years, "the Cream-white House," partly because of its color, and partly in jocose reference to its occupancy by two or three Vice-presidents. The house on the corner north of it, now owned by the Cosmos Club, was the home of Dolly Madison in her widowhood. After her death it passed into the hands of Charles Wilkes, the gallant naval officer who was for many years the unrecognized discoverer

of the Antarctic continent, and who, in the early days of the Civil War, forcibly took two of his late Washington neighbors, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, off the British steamer *Trent*, which was conveying them to Europe on a diplomatic mission for the Confederate Government. South of the Tayloe house is the Belasco Theater, on the site of the old-fashioned red brick building in which occurred the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward and where James G. Blaine passed the last years of his life. On H Street, about a block to the eastward, General McClellan made his headquarters in the intervals between his commands of the Army of the Potomac; while in a near cluster are former homes of Commodore Decatur, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Montgomery Blair, Gideon Welles, George Bancroft, and John Hay, as well as the house where the Ashburton treaty was negotiated and where Owen Meredith wrote his "Lucile." Edward Everett, Jefferson Davis, and Tobias Lear lived, at various times, a short distance away.

One of my favorite excursions about the city with friends who revere the memory of the War President is what I call my "Lincoln pilgrimage." We start at the White House, turn eastward and take F Street to Tenth, and then southward a half-square. This

brings us in front of the building which once was Ford's Theater, by the route taken by Lincoln on the evening of Good Friday, 1865. Here are the arches which once opened into the theater lobby but are now used for ground-floor windows; through one of them he passed on his way to his box. Directly across the street is the house to which he was carried to die. In it is preserved the Oldroyd collection of Lincoln relics, a really remarkable array. After inspecting it, we return to F Street and go eastward again to about the middle of the block, where an alley emerges from a lower level south of us. Down into this we dive, and, making a sharp right-angle turn, find ourselves at the old stage-door of the theater, beside which Booth left his horse, and through which he made his dash for liberty after his mad deed.

Back again up the alley we climb, through F Street to Ninth, through Ninth to H, and eastward on H Street to Number 604, the house of Mrs. Surratt, the rendezvous of the conspirators and the place where some of them were captured. It looks to-day very much as it did on the night of the assassination. Retracing our steps to Seventh Street, we board a southbound car, which carries us to the gate of the reservation now occupied by the Washington Barracks and the Army War College. Here, within a

few hundred feet of the entrance, used to stand the military prison where the conspirators were confined, and in the yard of which they paid the last penalty for their crime.

And here, dear reader, we come to the end of our present walks and talks about Washington. As I warned you at the outset, I have treated our wanderings as a pleasure-jaunt rather than as a medium of solid instruction. When you find yourself thirsting for the severely practical, you can come back and make the round again, if you choose, in a sight-seeing car, and the megaphone-man will point out to you twice as many objects of interest and give you three times as much information about them — accurate or otherwise. He will take pains to show you all the Government buildings and the hotels, the foreign legations and the theaters, the millionaires' houses, and parks and circles and statuary which I have dismissed with a line or left unmentioned. He will tell you how many tons every bronze weighs, how long every edifice took in building, and how large a fortune every Senator amassed before crowning his career with a tour of public service. I could have told you these things, too, but, rather than force too fast a gait upon you, I have left them

for the megaphone-man and taken for my task some odds and ends he could not take for his. I should have liked to tell you how the Government swept all the electric wires out of the sky and hid them underground; how it drained the marshes on the city's western edge, cleared the channels of the Potomac, and built out of the dredgings a big pleasure-ground; and how it got rid of the annual inundations, in one of which, just about a generation ago, I crossed the busiest part of Pennsylvania Avenue in a rowboat.

These improvements, and others in the same category, have been paralleled by the changes in the architecture of the city, at the expense of tearing down something old to make room for whatever new was to go up. Touched by the spirit of progress, the face of Washington is rapidly becoming as destitute of landmarks as its origin is destitute of myths, and the artist who visits it in quest of the antique has a hunt before him. Nevertheless, it has not lost its picturesque appeal for the pencil guided by imagination, or its colorful legends for the memory seeking relief from more serious things.

Hence this book.

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